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Original Poetry.

LA SENORA BONITA.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

[A poem somewhat after the style of that precious young nobleman, Mr. Owen Meredith, but rather superior, in point of morality, to the productions of that eminent victim of the wiles of Laura Matilda.]

I.

In the curtain's purple gloom,
In the scented room, she stands;
I see the rose of her bosom still,
And the white of her jewelled hands:

II.

The bracelet upon her wrist.
(The snake with the emerald eyes
And the ruby tongue,) and still I hear
Her melodious, half-replies.

III.

Where was the friend of my heart?
In a cafe drinking wine,
And the wife of my friend in the alcove here,
With a soft, warm hand in mine!

IV.

I see the gleam of her hair,
And the damson-red of her lips,
And I feel the fine electric touch
Of her fragile finger-tips!

V.

I vowed that I loved her—faith!
But the smoke has freakish ways!
I kissed her—that was the wine I took
(Too much of) at Curet's!

VI.

'Twas the wine I drank at Curet's,
'Twas the smoke of the principe,
'Twas the wicked twins in her Spanish eyes
That made a fool of me!

NOT LOST FOREVER.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Not lost forever, though on earth we've parted!
Not lost forever, though we meet no more!
They do not wander, lone and broken-hearted,
Who see Heaven's radiance on the further shore.

Not lost forever! every gentle token
[illegible]
Shall fill my soul, though all our ties are broken,
With tender grace that never can decay.

Not lost forever, while around me springing,
The violets weep, the roses blush and bloom;
And Summer birds, in Summer woodlands singing,
Flood with soft music all the tranquil gloom.

There will be meanings in the stars, the flowers,
The grand and solemn voices of the sea,—
Telling of happy dreams and happy hours,
When life had sunshine, which it caught from thee!

Not lost forever! thou shalt still be near me,
Through every fortune, and in every clime;
When cares oppress, or gentle memories cheer me;—
Thou shalt be with me, dearest, all the time!

MEADOW-SWEET.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

The creamy banks of meadow-sweet
Along the mill-stream's margin grow,
Where honey-bees, with pollened feet,
Hum softly to and fro.

II.

The sound is sweet, the fragrance fair,
As Summer breezes float along;
And round me, all the Summer air
Is rife with scent and song.

III.

O, what to me are wealth and rank?
O, what are men, and their deceit?
While I lie here, on the mill-stream's bank,
Among the meadow-sweet!

SUSPIRIA.

BY FRED. A. PARMENTER.

I.

Oh! thou silver-netted mist,
Weave for me a gauzy shroud,
Broider it with golden threads,
From the edge of yonder cloud!

II.

And be thou my coffin, bark,
Floating on the sunlit wave,—
Bear me hence, far out at sea,
To a tranquil ocean-grave!

III.

Low-voiced choirs of Summer birds,
Chant a requiem sweet and low,
While the wailing twilight winds,
Like an organ, sadly blow!

IV.

And ye crystal dews of dawn,
Ye alone may weep my fate:
Summer friends will never come
Where I sleep in solemn state!

Owego, Tioga county, N. Y.

— Mr. Thomson Hankey, Governor of the Bank of England in 1851 and 1852, and a director in that institution since the year 1835, has recently made public his pamphlet on "Banking: its Utility and Economy," which is now issued entire in the *Banker's Magazine* for May. Mr. Hankey examines the mode of management of the Bank of England, the Clearing House System, circulation and coin in Great Britain, etc., etc.

— "Mr. Kaye's Christianity in India," is the title of a book published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London. How much more instructive a book by a Hindoo would be, entitled "Christ's Christianity in England."

— A young savan, M. de Lamothe, formerly a pupil of the Ecole des Chartes, has just discovered at Madrid, some unpublished manuscripts of great interest for the history of France. There is, among others, a letter from the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, written at the Louvre, on the very day of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and filled with curious details; also, one from Philip II. to Charles IX., congratulating him on having struck so great a blow; likewise an account of the battle of Pavia, by Pescara; a letter, containing an announcement of the death of Henri IV., by a Jesuit in Paris to another in Spain, and other very curious letters of Charles V., Francis I., the Constable Bourbon, and the leading personages of the Fronde.

[Written for the New-York Saturday Press.]

THE COMPLEAT SUSQUEHANNA ANGLER;

OR,

THE LAZY MAN'S RECREATION.

Excursus I.

WHEREIN SCHOLIASTES DISCOURSETH CONCERNING BIRDS.

"There Hope sits day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons."—*Elia.*

"If so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside—pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow-flowers; he bears the melodious harmony of birds—" —*Burt. Anat. Mel. Part II., § 2, No. 4, p. 311.*

A fair Spring morning. PISCATOR *and* POETA *discovered in a boat upon the Susquehanna, nearly opposite Kidder's Bluffs, and in the vicinity of Thunder Riffs, habited as fishers.*

Poeta.—Marry, master, this fog chills me to the very marrow, and my fingers be so numb I can no longer fix the minnow on the hook.

Piscator.—By'r lady! an' thou shalt have no more need of thy fingers, for our bait are gone. The perch are loth to bite, and this morning we shall have naught but ill luck, which is, after all, better than none whatever. It is good Venator came not with us, according to his word, for his is an humor easily provoked by vicissitude into melancholy, which he is wont to cheer with wine till it be wholly merged and lost in drunkenness.

Poeta.—But why stay we here, master? Our minnows are gone, our bodies are chilled, and our boat is half filled with water. A murrain on this Susquehanna! There be more fish that swim in a horse-trough than you shall find in this stream.

Piscator.—Swear not so terribly, gentle Poeta; for the spirit of many a defunct shad sighs along this legendary shore—yea, hereabouts the beauty and strength of many a hooked and struggling bass hath pleaded in vain "against the deep damnation of his taking off." And doubt not but that, even now, full many a golden perch, and burnished pike, and silvery chub, sweeps on membrane-wing, o'er pebbly plain or grassy grove, beneath his liquid heaven.

Poeta.—By my faith! I did not think this angle such rare sport. Lo, master, where the sunlight comes pouring down through the billowy mists like a golden flood through the gloom and grandeur of a gray, granatic gorge.

Piscator.—Yea! And now I bethink me, there is a spot near by which we will seek, where most delectable sunfish are caught; for I deem it not good that the Susquehanna angler should go home empty. The sunfish, though small, is a most excellent pan-fish. We will reel up our trollers, and haste to the shore, where, with our bait-poles and lines, we shall have much rare sport. Now, weigh anchor, and away! Soft you! You have dropped your anchor on the boat's bottom, and sprang a leak. But it matters little; for with this pan thou canst keep us afloat. Thou shalt bail, and I will row.

Poeta.—Merrily, merrily, now we go over the foam [illegible] away. Who can tell the joys we know, as through the dancing fields we stray. Row, cheerily, row! while the birds on the shore keep tune, and time with the plashing oar.

Piscator.—Gramercy! Have a care, Poeta; for, see, thou hast dashed a panful of water in my face.

Poeta.—I crave pardon, worthy master. The joy of the morning hath made me heedless of all save its beauty.

Piscator.—I heed it lightly, and 'tis one of those crosses which the angler must bear with all patience. Now let us pull our boat on the gravel, and angle from the shore.

Poeta.—'Tis better thus than to sit shivering in a damp boat, with wet feet and numb fingers. How the mists gather up their robes and take to flight, as the sun, with his keen rays, scourges their lingering!

Piscator.—Yea; and methinks the fish must have gorged themselves over night, for they do not bite greedily this morning. I have heard that most notable sunfish have been caught hereabouts, and that they are wont to snap most ravenously. And I am much inclined to believe the story, for I had once a most brisk nibble here.

Poeta.—I little heed our ill luck—nay, I rather rejoice in it; for while the joyous fish cleaves in happiness his placid element, we can stand here with sweetly-speaking consciences, and drink in the music of the merry birds of Spring, see the mists wreathing a glory around the hilltops, and catch the splendors of the flushing sky. Belike the fish have not yet awakened, for 'tis but a moment since that I saw one floating by on his back, fast asleep.

Piscator.—He was dead, doubtless. But, I pray you, give greater heed to your rod, for you have been whipping the stream therewith till 'tis a marvel if there be a fish within calling distance. You must know that, to be an expert fisher, one must exercise great prudence and caution. Now, then, mark me. I will bait my hook, and make a cast, so that thou may'st profit thereby. Soft you! I feel a nibble. 'Tis some large fish. He pulleth like Leviathan. Belike it is one of those big bass which inhabit these waters. See, by the strain upon my line, he is fairly hooked. How dull and heavily he comes! He is none of your fussing, floundering fish, but a right royal fellow, that rises with dignity—the eagle of the wave. Stand ready to seize on him, lest he get loose, and flounder back again. Now I will land him. A murrain on it! 'Tis the sunken branch of a tree which hath caught upon my hook. 'Tis but one of the crosses of our gentle art, and it hath many.

Poeta.—Look, master, I have a fish as long as your finger!

Piscator.—Thou art a brave, and most apt scholar. Take him off carefully; and mean time I will cut a twig whereon to string him. I doubt not he would have been a big fish, had he lived to reach a larger size.

Poeta.—Bless me, master, I have broken his head off in taking him from my hook. I will cast him away.

Piscator.—Nay, nay, scholar, we'll keep him that we may show him when pestilent fellows ask us of our luck. Mayhap I shall take another, and then we shall have a brace, which we may bestow on some poor person. But see, our bait is gone. Prithee, good Poeta, mount yon bank, and in the field above thou wilt find great store of worms.

Poeta.—Not so, master! Thou shalt go; for so much am I in love with nature, and her goodly works, that should I scale this shelving bank and find myself under those wide spreading oaks, belted around with the broad green fields, I fear lest I should forget the angle; and I fain would become a most expert fisher. But yonder the loosened dirt is falling. I think there must be some monstrous beast prowling about—perchance a cow.

[*Here Venator, who hath hid behind a tree, crieth—Moo! moo! after the manner of a cow.*]

Piscator.—Hist! I see. Is Venator a cow that he should wear a coat? I note his skirt behind yonder oak. This is one of his jokes, and he hath many of them. Thou must know that he is a great wag; though, to say truth, his wit is of that lugubrious kind whereat thou must not laugh for fear of spoiling the joke. I now know the reason why he came not to the angle with us, which I will learn thee. Hereabouts dwelleth one of those fair and happy milk-maids, concerning whom Sir Thomas Overbury discourseth so beautifully, in whose dark eyes he thinketh, simple swain, he hath found favor; and likely he hath been up early betimes to help her unfold the sheep. I will call to him. So, ho! Venator! so, la! come hither, and play no longer the great calf behind that tree!

Venator.—Ha! ha! my master! Ha! ha! Poeta! Moo! moo! Right early at the angle. Gramercy! how those great fish jump, and flounder about.

Piscator.—Cease throwing those stones, or thou wilt scare the fish away. Come hither, thou knave! and tell me why thou hast taken to drink so early.

Venator.—I cry your mercy; but my spirits, as is their wont, being much adust this morning, I stopped at yonder inn to moisten my melancholy humors. And soft you—I have a flask; drink, for thou must be weary.

Piscator.—I will taste no drop; but I will put it in my pocket lest thou become more drunken. And now thou shalt take thy first lesson in the art of the angle. Therefore, mount the bank into yon field, and there thou shalt learn to dig bait—and know that to dig bait well is a rare accomplishment in the Susquehanna Angler.

Venator.—I thank thee; I shall not be slower to learn than thou to teach. I will go right joyously.

Piscator.—See with what a will he goes. Now let us taste what rare spirits Venator hath in his flask. Hum! ha! 'Tis rare old whiskey. Drink, I pray you, for it is potent of good cheer.

Poeta.—For a verity, 'tis as thou sayest. It must be full nine days old; which is a great age considering the shortness of its life now-a-days. Those antediluvian liquors which waxed three and four years old, have gone extinct like the mastodons. Ah! they were giants in their days, who loved nature, and waxed strong, and brave, on honest rye, barley, and grape, instead of poisoning themselves with cockle, cantharides, and strychnine, like their degenerate offspring. Drink again, master.

Piscator.—There is none herein. The bottle doth not even chipper. How long Venator tarrieth. I am fain he would come, for I yearn mightily to catch one of those large sunfish which swim hereabouts. He is most incorrigibly lazy, and will, therefore, make a most expert angler in time. Lo, here cometh our learned friend, worthy Scholiastes.

Poeta.—Yea; and see, he carrieth a gun upon his shoulder, and for a marvel hath some game.

Scholiastes.—Good morrow to ye, gentlemen! Ye pursue the gentle art of the angle. How fare ye?

Piscator.—We have one large fish, as long as your finger, which, considering that we put in but bare eight hours since, is passing good sport. I pray you, what fortune hath happed to you at the chase?

Scholiastes.—I have brought down but two; and had not been so wanton of life, were it not that I would more narrowly regard these pretty fellows—the pride of American Ornithology, since being beautiful in plumage, [illegible] their ways, [illegible] the New World [illegible]. This Oriole is a bird much in love with man. You shall look through the wild wood for him in vain. But in the orchard where the creaking of the old well-pole is heard, where the prattle and laughter of children float in music through the air, and the gruff tones of man grow gentle, and mingle in melody with the low soft voice of woman, you shall find him with his golden plumage, and his plaintive song. Yea, amid the crash and din of the great city, where humanity becomes oblivious of half its higher, nobler, and purer qualities, and where God himself is even forgot, into the avenue-trees the Oriole leads his mate, and there he builds his nest, and through the dust his gorgeous plumage gleams, and over the roar, and confusion of pride and mammon, is heard his merry roundelay.

Poeta.—Long live the *oriolus*, the *icterus*, the golden robin, the fire-bird, the hang-nest, the hanging-bird; and hanged be he who does him wrong!

Scholiastes.—I say, amen! It wrung my heart to aim my gun at him, and to say the truth, I shut my eyes and turned my head when I fired. Look at this poor fellow! How beautifully the black midnight of his head and wing contrasts with the gold and saffron morning of his breast and back. He is none of your upstart birds; but must be content to plod on in a brown plebeian coat, for three long years, before he can assume those regal robes, and then when he has learned humility, how royally and yet how modestly, he wears them. Observe also, his hazel eye—the index of a sweet and gentle spirit. Truly, science doth seem much to blame at times, thus to harm the good God's beautiful. He was swinging, as is his wont, on the topmost bough of a maple, in the morning breeze, pouring forth his soul in song, when the winged destruction fell upon him. Free and airy is he in all his motions. On the swaying branch he sits and sings. There, too, he builds his nest; and his dusky mate, rocking in the Summer winds, warms her quintet of flesh-tinted, purple-flecked eggs, and rears her callow brood. How deftly they construct their pensile nest, stitching together, as neatly as a careful housewife, with horse-hair their flax, and hemp, and wool, lining the bottom with soft cow-hair, the better to warm and still their querulous fledgelings.

Piscator.—I pray you, Scholiastes, if the oriole's love for man is so great, why then is he so shy?

Scholiastes.—'Tis the nature of all fowls to be wary of man; but no bird is more easily and perfectly tamed than he. I knew one that was caught and caged. But in a little time he became so familiarized, that he was taken from his prison; and a little corner on high, in the office of his master, was set apart for him. And he would feed from the hand, answer with affectionate chirrup to the call, and often perch unbidden on friendly and familiar shoulders. And like the gentle Ruth, he, through the golden Summer and the crimson Autumn, went and came, gleaming in the azure fields of air. And with many a merry gambol, and pleasant way, he cheered for his master the long and weary Winter. But when the Spring-time came he went forth, and his visits home became less and less frequent, till at length he forgot his kind master, and his dear old corner. Alas! after that old, old fashion of this world, which passeth not away, the poor fellow had fallen in love, and taken to himself a mate. 'Twas not that he loved man less, but that he loved his kindred more.

Poeta.—Hark! hark! to the song of the bobolinks in yonder meadow. Hear them jangling like a chorus of silver bells in the air.

Scholiastes.—Ah, a rare bird is this emberiza oryzivora—this rice-bird—this reed-bird—this Robert of Lincoln,—this joyous rollicking bobolink! He is our own bird. You may take him to merrie England, or sunny France, if you can bear him over the seas alive, but there he will pine for the rice-fields, and the meadows, of his native and changeful clime, sit songless on the perch, and in a little time droop his wing and die. They are shrewd birds, these bobolinks; and he must be more than a passable sportsman, and keep a keen eye open, who would bring them down; and to speak more narrowly, I hired a brave lad to get this luckless chap, for I had not the heart to fire at him myself, seeing that when aiming at one with my eyes shut, the gun nearly kicked me over on my back. This pied coat of black, yellow, and white, he puts on in the Spring, when he goes a wooing his quiet quakeress of a sweetheart. Ah what a gallant little lover he makes! How he jangles around and above her with his sweetest song, and in his gayest garments! With what volubility he tells his tale of love. And what a fond and careful husband he makes, and how merrily goes his honeymoon! Singing his cheeriest, he builds beneath the tufted meadow-grass his lowly, secret nest, and while his modest little wife broods over her five white and brown eggs, he beguiles for her the long and patient hours, hovering over her in mid air with fantastic plume and song. But let the duties of a father press upon him, what a change comes over him! The rollicking lover, and light-hearted bridegroom ceases his sweet and amorous song, assumes a grave and serious tone, and exchanges for his wedding garments a plain and dusky brown attire. Never puts he on those gay robes again, unless to woo and win once more. For, place him in a cage, he will not droop while his pleasant native vales are around him; he will sing though the prison bars shut him out from communion with his kind. He first saw the light while the music lay about him like the broad, sweet sunshine, and he cannot stifle the melody within him; but he will drop one by one those beautiful plumes, and never put them on again.

When Autumn comes, you shall see these bobolinks gather together their household-bands, to troop for the rice-fields of the South. The old ones have lost their voices, and the young ones have not learned to sing. But every now and then, an old bird will try on hovering wing his melody, as if teaching his young; and after uttering a few jangling notes, sink down as if in sorrow among the assembled broods. 'Tis as if an aged sire, sitting in the calm sunshine of a serene old age, should try with broken voice some fond old song of his lover-days, some childhood's strain that falters into forgetfulness, and drop his head "to muse, and brood, and live again in memory with the old faces of his infancy." A favorite bird is bobolink; and from St. Lawrence to Terra del Fuego he is welcome. Not a child but that hails his coming with delight, and with some queer jargon, or babylonish dialect, mimics his jangling, metallic melody. But who comes staggering here?

Piscator.—Gramercy! 'Tis that rascally Venator. He hath been to yonder inn again, where, instead of getting bait, he hath been getting drunk. Come here, thou knave. Where is the bait for which I sent thee?

Venator.—Bait, master? Ha! ha! Bait, sayest thou? But I will abate naught of the truth. When first I reached the field, I began to debate where the greatest store of bait should be found, and walking hither and thither, deeply intent upon our gentle art, I found myself suddenly at the door of yonder inn, wherein, feeling much athirst, I entered, and made myself free to take a simple glass of ale. Thou winkedst at me, Poeta. By my halidom, an' thou art drunk!

Piscator.—Out upon you! But now that we have no [illegible] let us return to our inn in yonder fair village. [illegible] friendly and pleasant sport; and Scholiastes and I will talk of the birds and our gentle art. Now that we are aboard, push us off, Venator, and then jump in. Now we go.

Venator.—Ugh! ugh! Master, I drown! Help me in!

Piscator.—Thou art safely rescued, and art wet but to thy middle, which is naught to the angler. Sit down and to the bailing-pan, and work briskly, lest we sink. Thou, Poeta, shalt take to the oar.

Poeta.—Nay, my master! It is so pleasant to float adown this silver stream, to watch the ever-changing shore, to listen to the choiring birds, and hold sweet converse.

Piscator.—Then thou, Scholiastes, may'st row. 'Tis such a royal exercise, that I have not the heart to deprive thee of this fair opportunity.

Scholiastes.—I am much beholden to thee, worthy Piscator; but a rheum offends me, and a neuralgic plague hath settled in my shoulders.

Piscator.—Then I will to the oars; for I must reach our inn or ever the clock shows the dinner-hour to be near. How rapidly we cut the nether azure!

Scholiastes.—I pray you hold, worthy Piscator, for I have left my gun upon the shore!

Poeta.—Yea, master, and we have forgotten to bring our fishing-tackle, and our large fish!

Piscator.—It little matters. We will return betimes, and find them safe. None but Susquehanna anglers pass along these banks, and they be all very honest men. And now, Poeta, thou shalt sing us a song.

Poeta.—Were it not for a simple bashfulness I would sing some verses which I have made upon birds, and, for a verity, I can remember none other. I will therefore give you my own song. I call it

The Merry Birds of Spring.

O the merry, merry birds of Spring!
How they fling
Their rapture over woodland, hill, and plain!
With what gushing, golden show'rs,
They flood the bloomy, balmy hours,
Steeping all in music's yearning calm, and joy's voluptuous pain!
O the beauty they bring!
O the joyous songs they sing!
O the merry, merry birds of Spring!

And the bluebird—gentlest he, and best—
On the crest
Of th' earliest rosy billow Northward driven,
Warbling soft and low, doth ride,
And leads the lingering South a bride.
Like a spirit all of love compact, whose wing is dipt in heaven!
O the beauty, etc.

Then the robins dancing troop along,
Filled with song,
And flower-bells ring a golden melody;
While the gladsome hills conspire
To rustle on their green attire,
And the loosened streams exultant clap their milk-white hands with glee!
O the beauty, etc.

Hark! the oriole has come once more!
Hear him pour
Sweet jargonings, while swinging in the breeze!
How o'er village, vales, and hills,
The music shrills, and trills, and thrills,
As his gorgeous plumage gleameth like a meteor 'mid the trees!
O the beauty, etc.

Robed in black and gold now comes bobolink;
Let us drink
The ecstacy of his exquisite strain.
See him rise, and singing rise,
An arrow of song athwart the skies!
Winged with love he soars in rapture, and in rapture sinks again!
O the beauty, etc.

O the merry, merry birds of Spring!
How they sing,
Till with their bridal song all heaven rings!
Hear them choiring far and near,
How soft and low, now loud and clear,
Love and Spring, until the swallow brings the Summer on his wings!
O the beauty they bring!
O the joyous songs they sing!
O the merry, merry birds of Spring!

Piscator.—We are much beholden to you for those fair verses. I pray you, worthy Scholiastes, hast thou never observed a certain analogy between the bird and the fish?

Scholiastes.—For a verity, I have. There is the trout, flying from the haunts of men, and seeking some shady nook in cool sequestered woods,—the brown-thrush of the brook. There is the familiar chub, ever abounding about dwellings, and villages, so tame he will almost feed from your hand,—the sparrow of the stream. There, too, is the gregarious perch, pilfering on every finny tribe,—the black-bird of the wave. There is the solitary and voracious pickerel, making of other fish his prey,—the hawk of the waters; and there is also the mighty and magnificent bass swooping in lonely majesty through the deepest empyrean of his nether heaven,—the eagle of our river. I think it not bold to say that the ancients, observing this analogy, gave to many of the fish names after their birds. Thus Archestratus beautifully sings:

Remember, then, to get a fine *sea-sparrow*,
And a rough-skinned bugiossus, near the port
Of sacred Chalcis.

And Mnesimachus, a poet of the middle comedy, writes:

The mullet, and the lebias, and the sparus,
The *sea-swallow*, the caris, and the cuttlefish.

So Epicharmus chants most charmingly:

The chalcides, the sea-pig, too,
The *sea-hawk*, and the fat sea-dog.

Thus, too, Numenius, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, sings:

The sea-born race of grayling, or of orphus—
The *black-flesh'd blackbird*, or the dainty *sea-thrush*,
Sporting beneath the waves.

The ancients had also their sea-cookoos, sea-eagles, and what not.

Piscator.—Thou discoursest of things most marvelous to me.

Poeta.—How daintily those ancients sang, finding poetry in everything, and peopling every mountain, dell, and stream with the fair forms of fancy. And I wonder not that some of them did worship, as a deity, the sun; for now, like a Juggernaut, he crushes me beneath his fiery wheel. I am joyful our day's sport is o'er.

Piscator.—In good sooth, so am I. One more stroke of the oar, and we shall hear our keel grate on the gravel. Lo, here we are, and yonder stands our inn. Thou, Venator, shalt stay and make fast the boat.

Scholiastes.—I am much beholden to you, honest Piscator, for this fair ride, though my feet be somewhat wet. I pray you make me to know when next you go to the angle, for I fain would learn somewhat of thy gentle art.

Poeta.—Yea; and I would bespeak a like kindness, for naught is more delectable than a quiet angle on a balmy day.

Piscator.—Trust me, I shall not fail, for with such goodly company, ill-luck loses all its sting. And now let us enter our inn, smoke our pipes gratefully, pay our bills thankfully, call down blessings on our kind and jovial host, and some other day, with honest and quiet minds go

A-ANGLING.

NEW MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE.

A very interesting although simple ceremony took place at Cambridge yesterday afternoon. Ground was broken for the cornerstone of the new Museum of Comparative Zoology, to be erected upon the open area West of Divinity Hall. The proceedings were quite informal, and the day was selected without greater preparation, in order that Professor Agassiz might take part in them before his departure for Europe to-day.

The land donated by the College is about five acres in extent, and includes all that part of the tract about Divinity Hall which lies West of the Westerly line of Divinity Hall avenue; this line being extended Northwardly. The land may be fairly valued at from $20,000 to $30,000. An eligible site of two acres only, near the Observatory, belonging to a private individual, was offered to the Trustees for $14,000, and it is not probable that they could have *bought* a site anywhere, fit and adequate for their purpose, for less than this sum. The gift of the College is accordingly considerable.

The plan of the Museum contemplates the ultimate erection of a main building 364 feet in length and 64 in width, with wings 205 feet in length and 64 in width, enclosing an open area of which Divinity Hall (with a space intervening) will form the fourth or Easterly side. The portion now begun is half (or more exactly, about two-fifths) of the North wing, beginning at its Easterly end.

At about half-past five o'clock, Governor Banks opened the proceedings by briefly stating the nature of the occasion upon which the company had assembled, and introduced Professor Agassiz, who was greeted with applause. The Professor said that it is a part of our design to expend as little as possible of our means in bricks and mortar; after completing the building this day begun, we shall still have a part of our funds applicable to the enlargement of the collection. At present we shall be content with half of one of the wings of the great building; but extensive as is the plan, I cannot doubt (said Professor Agassiz) that the whole will be ultimately completed. I feel sure that means will be provided as fast as they can be usefully applied. And if I should not survive to witness the completion of the whole design, I know that I leave behind me among my pupils, those who will be amply able to aid in carrying forward the work to a successful end. Whatever is attempted should be done in the American spirit, and in the right American spirit.

Governor Banks and the other Trustees then advanced to the spot where a stake indicated the position of the northeast corner of the North wing—a common spade and wheelbarrow having been placed at hand. In his remarks, he referred to the alacrity with which the amount necessary for the work had been subscribed, and said that it would be no more remarkable that the whole shall be completed within five years than that what has already been done should have been so thoroughly and quickly accomplished; so that the oldest of us may expect to live to see the completion of the building for the foundation of which we this day prepare.

The applause which greeted the conclusion of the Governor's remarks having subsided, he took the spade and planted it firmly in the ground (saying pleasantly, "We begin with the North," in a voice audible to the nearest bystanders, and by them cordially applauded), cutting out with separate thrusts, four sides of an even square piece of turf, and thoroughly loosening it; he then led forward Mrs. Agassiz (amid the plaudits of the assembly) from the place where she was standing in the circle of observers; she took the spade, turned the first sod, and threw it into the wheelbarrow. The Governor threw the next; the reverend President of the University (Dr. Walker) the next; Professor Agassiz the next; Mr. William Gray the next; Hon. Charles A. Phelps, President of the Senate, the next; Charles Hale, Speaker of the House of Representatives, the next; Dr. Jacob Bigelow the next; Mr. George Tickner the next; and Mr. James Lawrence the next.

These were all the Trustees who were present. Mr Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture; Mr. Clarke (introduced as Mr. Agassiz's oldest pupil); Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (one of the "faculty" of the zoological museum); Professor Felton, Mr. George Snell, and one or two other gentlemen, by invitation of the Governor and of Mr. Agassiz, also aided in the digging. Professor Eustis received a similar invitation; he pleasantly answered that he never before refused obedience to the constituted authorities either of State or of Science; but as he had the pleasure of driving the first stake, he must decline helping to undermine it. This answer, as well as all the movements of the gentlemen with the spade previously, was greeted with cordial applause by the assembly.

The wheelbarrow being filled, Rev. Dr. Walker offered a prayer, which closed the ceremonies. The Trustees and several other gentlemen, by invitation of Professor Agassiz, proceeded to his house, where a table was spread, over which they wished him long life—a safe voyage—and a successful future for the "Museum of Comparative Zoölogy."—*Daily Advertiser, June* 15.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND IKE.

A new book by Mrs. Partington is one of the most agreeable literary announcements which we can make to the thousands who have laughed and grown fat over her unique sayings. The old lady has been some time preparing a volume, which she has christened "Knitting-work, a Web of many textures," and, in a few weeks, Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, the fortunate publishers, will issue it in a very attractive form. It will be handsomely illustrated by Hoppin, who has caught the spirit of the work, and represented both Mrs. Partington and Ike in many of their peculiarities, with unusual felicity.

Though differing somewhat from Mr. Shillaber's previous volume, published some five years ago, and of which 30,000 copies were sold, it yet abounds in quaint and grotesque Partingtonian sayings, fine poems, and suggestive essays. The opening chapter on the choosing of a "Guardian for Ike" is running over with fun and philosophy. The greater part of the book is original, while scattered here and there through its pages may be found selections from the author's recent contributions to the *Gazette*, of which he is one of the editors. At the risk of being charged with telling tales out of school, we venture to give publicity to the following conversation about the volume, between the dame and a prying neighbor, who is perhaps a little jealous of our friend's success.

"So you are coming before the public again," said the inquisitor, looking into Mrs. Partington's little low window, at which the dame was knitting. She pondered his words a moment before replying. "I am not a publican," she said at length; "and though Heaven knows we are none of us not too good, the publicans are best, and that's gospel truth." "I mean," said the querist, "that you have a new work on the carpet." "Not on the carpet, exactly," replied she, "Crewel?" he persisted in inquiring. "No," was the response; "there isn't a [illegible] cruel in it; it will be pleasant to take, like a lucubration for a parched tongue, and will make people happy. But there's no knowing who will be Governor till after election, and whether a book goes well or not, depends upon the number that buys it." The inquisitor moved along, and Mrs. Partington kept on with her knitting.—*Boston Transcript.*

TORTURE IN NEW YORK PRISONS.

Some ingenious keeper at Sing Sing, has lately invented an iron cap for the head of the prisoner, as a punishment. It slips over the larger part of the skull, and the rim is then contracted by a screw, so that it cannot be taken off. The victim is compelled to wear this cap all day, and to sleep in it by night, until he succumbs. It causes no actual pain at first, but gradually becomes an intolerable weight, and a maddening torture. Like the solitary water-drop, scarcely felt when it begins, but steadily falling on the same spot, at length it comes down with the effect of a hammer on the brain of the unfortunate wretch.

The inventive genius of our State officers has devised another method of torture, which ought to bring upon them the censure of every civilized community. It consists of an upright wooden box, with sliding bars at the top to enclose the head, so that it cannot be withdrawn. A false bottom is then raised to suit the stature of the prisoner, until his knees are so bent that the weight of his body must be supported entirely by the muscles. Let any person try this posture, and see for how short a space he can maintain it. The legs cannot be straitened in the box, and the sides of the box being out of reach of the bent body, can give it no support. If the prisoner relaxes the muscles of his legs, his whole weight is thrown on his neck, and he will be literally hung. The negro Robinson was lately subjected to this torture, and, being a man of unusual bodily strength, endured it for twenty-four hours, it is said.

These tortures have some coloring of excuse in the disposition shown by a considerable party in the last session of our legislature. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Hubbell, of Westchester, to restore the use of the cat and shower bath, in prison discipline. Fortunately, for the credit of the State, it did not succeed.

We confess to a very human desire with respect to these new and savage implements of torture; that is, that the keepers under whose instructions they have been devised, should themselves be subjected to a trial of their efficacy in reducing the evil passions of our nature to proper control. The moral infamy of this infernally inventive genius is ten times blacker than the insubordination which it aims to subdue.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

— Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have opened a select circulating library at their store No. 13 Winter street. The catalogue includes all the popular standard works, and the new books of the year. We copy the terms announced:

Six cents per volume for three days, exclusive of Sunday, and two cents for each additional day.

Cash invariably—no credit given to any person.

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A deposit of the value taken, required from those unknown to us.

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— A surprising discovery has just been made in Berlin. Dr. Pertz of the Royal Library, has ferreted out the manuscript journal of two Genoese navigators, Teodosia Doria and Ugolino Vivaldi, who succeeded in sailing round the Cape of Good Hope in 1290—that is 207 years before Vasco de Gama.

— Webster has the following difinition of Hub: "See Hob." Bailey defines Hob thus: "A clown, or "country fellow;" and, with him, Hobblers were "certain Irish knights, who served as light horsemen upon "hobbies."

— A writer in a Philadelphia paper, describing a fashionably dressed young gentleman, says that he wore "a blue silk necktie, knotted with the graceful ease of one of Macaulay's sentences." Who says we are not a literary people?

Special Notices.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship FULTON, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, June 25, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

CHURCH'S NIAGARA has never before (except on one day) been seen by DAYLIGHT.

[illegible] NIAGARA has never before been exhibited [illegible] way. The FORMER has never appeared so well, and [illegible] LATTER is receiving encomiums from every visitor.

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G. M. NEWTON.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at ROGERS's BOOKSTORE, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

WILL CLOSE.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF the National Academy of Design (now open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. in Tenth street, near Broadway) will close on Saturday night, June 25.

T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Cor. Sec., N. A.

FREE PUBLIC GALLERY OF ART,
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PIANOS TO LET.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.

The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

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BREAKFAST, and TEA.
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR PARTIES.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

We cannot call too particular attention to "THE SATURDAY PRESS Weekly Book-List." It contains more interesting literary information than can be found in all the rest of the papers in the country, put together. In fact, it supplies many of our contemporaries with about all the book-knowledge they possess.

To all persons interested in the condition and progress of literature, as well as to all persons interested, in any way, in the sale or purchase of books, it is invaluable. The leading publishing houses in the country find it almost a necessity.

WAR.

We publish on our fourth page a brief abstract of an eloquent discourse on War, by the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, of Brooklyn.

We regret to say that Mr. Bartlett, though a young man, is far behind the age. Over eighteen hundred years behind it. Way back to Christ!

He has faith in Religion, but no faith in Rifles. He can't, for the life of him, see the connexion between the Carbine and the Cross, or between the Bible and the Bullet.

And yet he lives in the same city with Henry Ward Beecher, who has been preaching the gospel according to Sharp (or was it Colt?) for years, and is ready to go to Kansas—or to induce other people to go—rifle in hand, at the shortest notice.

Whether this is creditable to Mr. Bartlett or not, is a question we decline to pronounce upon. We merely record the fact.

Mr. Beecher can certainly support his view of the case with very respectable authority. For instance, in England, at this moment, all the clergymen in the land appear to be thinking of nothing but Rifles.

"Form, form, Riflemen form,"

is about their only text. The papers are filled with the record of their zeal.

At Richmond, the Rev. Mr. Duprees attended a rifle meeting, and seconded the resolution declaring it "expedient to form a rifle-corps at once." At Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Emery attended the first target-drill of the rifle-corps formed there, and it was stated that he had written to Major General Hay, director of the School of Musketry at Hythe, requesting him to send one of his pupils to instruct the Cambridge corps. At Reading, Rev. T. V. Fosbery, Chaplain of the Bishop of Oxford, was the mover of the resolution declaring it desirable to have a rifle corps for that borough. And in the University of Oxford, "a Congregation" was holden to repeal, provisionally, the statute prohibiting the students bearing arms, or belonging to military companies.

Now all this, in the opinion of Mr. Bartlett, is flat treason against Christianity, which he persists in believing came to us as a "Gospel of Peace." He even looks upon Christ as the "Prince of Peace," and wouldn't exchange one Bible for all the Bullets in the world.

How in the name of Beecher his people stand such doctrines, we don't know. We had thought Brooklyn to be a city of progress—a city of new religious notions—a city whose churches were as entertaining as theatres, and whose preachers, having outgrown the hard, old-fashioned teachings of Christ, were apostles of an entirely new and an eminently belligerent faith.

But here comes up a man—and a young man at that—and, Bible (instead of Bayonet) in hand, points his astonished congregation back to the Cross, and denounces War as being opposed to the whole spirit of Christianity, and as directly militating with the glory of God.

"Glory to God?" he asks,

—To Him doth glory come
From the death-shock of armies, men in battle,
Where his own children lie, like butchered cattle,
In hecatombs around a bursting bomb?
Or in the thick cloud sulphurous and dun,
Poured from the hot throat of a thundering gun,
As if to hide its murders from the sun?
When the long roll of the muffled drum,
And the shrill shrieking fife,
Drown the loud curse—the groan—
The prayer of the down-trodden ones—the moan
Of faintly ebbing life,—
The yell of dying horses, that are crushing
Their riders under them—the jeer—the flouting
Of hostile squadrons at each other rushing—
"The thundering of the captains and the shouting!"
To Him who from His goodness draws His bliss,
Cometh there "glory" from a scene like this?

No! But from fields all green with growing things,
And fresh with frequent rains,
From pastures round whose ever-flowing springs,
Cattle are grouped in Summer:—from broad plains
Yellow with harvest, that the breathing West
As o'er them it goes,
Heaves like an infant's or an ocean's breast,
Just sinking to repose;—
From vineyards loaded with their purpling fruit,
Quietly basking on their sunny slopes,
From meadows in their lily spangled suit,
From orchards fragrant with their blooming hopes,
And from the constant babble of the brook,
That dashes down amongst its mossy rocks
Where the lone patient angler throws his hook,
And from the panting flocks,
Gathered for washing on its grassy side,
And as they issue dripping from its tide—
From the loud bleatings of o'er anxious dams,
And from the ready answer of their lambs,
And from the shout and the loud laugh of men,
In time of vintage or of "harvest home,"
In toil and health, rejoicing even as when
Beneath the leafy and o'er-arching dome
Of Paradise, did Love with Joy and Plenty, roam—
From peaceful scenes, like these, unknown to story,
Yet not the less enjoyed, to God there cometh "glory."

Well, if Mr. Bartlett's church can stand such doctrines, it is, of course, no business of ours. One thing is certain, they are in no danger of becoming very popular. The world doesn't believe in peace. It enjoys nothing so much as a fight.

And it manages to baptise all its fights in the name of Christ. It names its vessels of war the Bulldog, the Spitfire, the Rattlesnake, the Wolf, the Tiger, the Bloodhound, the Lucifer,—but then it puts a chaplain on board of them all, and whatever deeds of murder are done by the Bulldog, the Spitfire, the Rattlesnake, the Wolf, the Tiger, the Bloodhound, or the Lucifer, are done under Christian sanction, and for the glory of God!

Meanwhile, how Satan must rejoice, and

What a grin of fiendish glee
Runs round and round through Hell!

Literary Notes.

— Messrs. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, announce that, in accordance with an existing arrangement with the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh, to supply the American market with the popular publications of this celebrated house, they will be prepared to furnish, in any quantities, simultaneously with their issue in Edinburgh, the consecutive weekly numbers, monthly parts and volumes of this valuable work, printed from the same plates, upon the same quality of paper, and executed in every particular in the same style as the Edinburgh edition. If this arrangement is one by which the original publishers receive a portion of the profits, we trust that the Lippincott edition will be preferred to that of the Appletons, which latter is published without the consent of the Messrs. Chambers, and without their deriving the least benefit from it. Those who prefer the original edition of the work (which is undoubtedly the best) can procure it of Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, of this city.

AFTER THE RAIN.*

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

The rain has ceased, and in the room
The sunshine falls an orange flood,
And high upon the village spire
The sacred cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely-carven, old and gray,
A dormer, facing Westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove,
With purple ripples on her neck.

The following obvious plagiarism on the above Poem is coolly sent to us by Mr. N. G. Shepherd, as an original contribution to THE SATURDAY PRESS. It is unnecessary to say that, after this, Mr. Shepherd need not trouble us with any further communications.

AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain has ceased, and the sunlight falls
In a golden flood on the jewelled sod,
It glints on the spire, and rests on the walls
Of the village-church like a smile of God.

The rain has ceased, and the spent clouds seen
In the sun's bright path seem to glow with shame,
While the plain below, and the hills between,
Lie drowned in a mist of yellow flame.

The rain has ceased, and the dark night falls,
Like a widowed wife, on the earth's cold breast;
In the gloom of the wood the lone bird calls
Her wandering mate to his home and rest.

— "The American Racing Calendar and Trotting Record for 1858" is just published at the office of *Porter's Spirit of the Times*. It is a complete racing calendar and trotting record from January, 1858, to January, 1859—and is an indispensable *vade mecum* for all interested in racing, sporting, or in the pedigree or breeding of horses.

— Madame de Marguerite announces a work on "Italy and the War of 1859."

— The London *Critic*, in commenting upon Dr. Cumming's "Ruth," a religious story manufactured as so many religious stories are, by diluting an interesting history taken from the Bible with any quantity of wish-wash, concludes with the following admission, which we are glad to see, coming, as it does, from such a respectable quarter:

> Dr. Cumming, too, is weak in his Roman history. A woman among the Romans was not, we submit, "a subservient drudge or slave." Indeed, in course of time, her rights, both of person and property, were legally recognized, which is more than can be said of the women of England even in the present century.

— The May number of *Fraser* contained a review of Mr. Mills's "Essay on Liberty," by Mr. Buckle, the author of "A History of Civilization." In the course of the review, Mr. Buckle is very severe in commenting upon Sir John Coleridge, for convicting of blasphemy a poor fellow named Thomas Pooley, who was pardoned before the expiration of his term, on account of insanity. The June number of *Fraser* contains a letter from Mr. J. D. Coleridge, trying to vindicate Sir John, tell the truth about poor Pooley, and demolish Mr. Buckle: We do not think he is very successful, but the *Critic*, of June 4th, thinks he is, and does some pitching into Mr. Buckle on its own account. The whole matter is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and is worth the attention of our readers. It at least vindicates the liberty of speech, and we cannot too often contemplate that for our good.

— The Boston *Courier* states that the announcement of the connection of Hon. Caleb Cushing with the editorial department of the *Traveller* arose from the engagement of Hon. Charles C. Haswell, as a writer of European articles for that paper.

— Mery, the French poet and wit, has commenced the issue of a poetic chronicle in Paris, published every Sunday, under the title of "Napoleon in Italy."

— The Hon. Caleb Cushing is to be the orator before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, on Wednesday, July 27.

— A new daily paper is announced in London, under the title of the *Daily London Journal*, to commence on June 1st. This will make the number of London daily papers 21.

— The following are the titles and dates of publication of Mr. Carlyle's works, given in their regular order.

1. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. A Novel from the German of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1824.

2. The Life of Schiller. London: Taylor & Hessey. 1825.

3. Specimens of German Romance. 4 vols. Published by W. Tait, 78 Princess street, Edinburgh, and Charles Tilt, 65 Fleet street, London. 1827.

4. Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. In three books. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit street. 1838. Originally published in "Fraser's Magazine," during the years 1833, '34.

5. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. 5 vols. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit street. 1839. Reprinted from the "Edinburgh," "Foreign Quarterly," and "Westminster" Reviews, and "Fraser's Magazine."

6. The French Revolution: A History. By Thomas Carlyle. 3 volumes. London: James Fraser, Regent street. 1839. His first publication with his name on the title-page.

7. Chartism. London: James Fraser, Regent street. 1839.

8. On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser. 1841.

9. Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall, Strand. 1843.

10. Latter-Day Pamphlets. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

11. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1845.

12. Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1851.

13. History of Friedrich II., of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In four vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.

— Samuel Warren, in his introduction to the study of law, maintains that chess is excellently calculated to chain a wandering mind to its task—to induce those habits of patient and vigilant attention, cautious circumspection, accurate calculation, and forecasting of consequences, which are essential to the successful study and practice of the law.

— An English paper states that a kind of dirty parchment covered album, dated 1744, county Suffolk, has been sold to Mr. John Murray, for the sum of 100 gs. It was a volume of letters (original and unpublished), written by Pope and his assistant, Fenton, to Fenton's fellow-assistant, Broome, put together by Broome, when angry, for his own guidance, and for the information of posterity. Mr. Murray's new acquisition adds 54 unpublished letters, written by Pope, to the "more than 300 unpublished letters" advertised for publication in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*.

— The sum of £140 offered in 1857 by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, in two prizes, for essays on a reform in the spelling of the English language—the adjudicators not considering any one of the eighteen essays sent in as so fulfilling the conditions required as to deserve a prize—has been awarded by him to the following competitors, as meritorious, thus: £100 to Prof. S. S. Haldemann, of Columbia, United States; and £10 each to the Rev. F. G. Fleay, Vice-Principal of Culham Training College, Abingdon, Berkshire; James Kerr, Esq., A.M.; the Rev. R. Wells, Whitford; and the Rev. Neil Livingstone.

— Dr. Johnson says somewhere in the *Idler*:

> To write news in its perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, "An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent to lie abroad for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who lies at home for his own profit." To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame, and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary.

— The Marquis de la Garde discovered, some time since, a mass of old papers in a bookseller's shop at Avignon, where Armande-Grésinde Béjart de Modène, Molière's wife, was born; among them were, first, a number of epitaphs, epigrams, and sonnets, on the death of the great comic poet; and secondly, two epitaphs, followed by two madrigals, attributed to Molière by the writer of the papers. With these were some other documents having reference to the family of Des Achards, with which family the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban—author of a "Dissertation on the Marriage of the celebrated Molière," a "Dissertation on the Wife of Molière," and a "Supplement to the various editions of the Works of Molière," etc.,—was connected. We transcribe the two following madrigals from among the discovered papers, supposed by Molière:

Iris, que prétendés-vous faire ?
Etoit-ce par malice, étoit-ce par pitié,
Quand vous avés voulu que ma tendre amitié
De l'amour prît le caractère ?
Hé bien, vous avez sceu le secret de mon cœur ;
Je vous ai fait l'adveu de ma triste langueur ;
Mais après tout, Iris, de cette obéissance
Quel enfin doit estre le fruit ?
M'auriés-vous ordonné de faire tant le bruit
Pour demeurer dans le silence ?

L'amour, charmante Iris, ne souffre point de maistre.
C'est un enfant gasté qu'on a peine à connoitre ;
Il gronde sans scavoir pourquoy ;
La douceur quelquefois l'irrite ;
Il met à bout la plus sage conduite,
Et l'on n'ose pourtant le laisser sur sa foy.
Il veut tout ce qu'on luy refuse,
Il néglige tout ce qu'il a ;
Un rien après l'amusera.

Toujours prest à payer d'une mauvaise excuse,
On hazarde beaucoup de jouer avec luy ;
Il ne garde aucune mesure,
Et c'est un grand coup d'avanture
S'il est encor demain ce qu'il est aujourd'huy.

Voilà le bel enfant que vous avez fait maistre.
Cependant tel qu'il est il mérite vos soins
Je veux bien vous ayder à luy conserver l'estre ;
Pourveu que vous vouliez sans mais, car, si, peut estre,
A frais communs fournir à ses besoins.

— The Boston trade-sale of books, papers, stationery, etc., conducted under the direction of a Committee of the trade, by Leonard & Co., will be held during the first week in August next, commencing Tuesday, August 2. The Catalogue will be issued July 1.

— The Messrs. Didot, Paris, have just issued the first number of a very elegant reprint of the Vecellio Cesare's works, "Degli abiti antichi e moderni di diverse parti del mondo," which had become very rare. The 500 figures exhibiting the costumes of various countries, and of all classes of society, female as well as male, and which are generally attributed wholly or in part to Titian, a relative of the author—some being undoubtedly his—are engraved on wood in a fine bold style closely following the originals, and each page is surrounded by an ornamental border designed by Catenacci after the original borders in Vecellio's work, and the best models of the period. The original Italian descriptions are accompanied by a French translation, and the work is a beautiful specimen of typography. It will, when completed, form rather more than a thousand pages. It is prefaced by a short notice relative to the wood-engraving of the sixteenth century, from the pen of M. Ambrose Firmin Didot.

— Mr. Stillman has returned from Florida, and is now in Boston, preparing for his Summer tour to the Adirondacs.

— Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., London, announce a new work by Ruskin, entitled "Elements of Perspective."

— An Arab newspaper has recently been started in Beyrout—the first ever printed in any part of the Turkish empire out of Constantinople.

— The *Evening Post* learns that Mr. Knapp, the author of the life of Baron Steuben, recently published by Mason Brothers, has secured, and will soon receive from France, copies of all the De Kalb papers, among which are 200 letters written by De Kalb to his wife, while he was in America. Mr. Knapp will write the life of De Kalb, and, we presume, would be glad to receive biographical materials from those who are interested in his undertaking.

— The author of the Pacha Papers is understood to be W. W. Howe, Esq., a young New York lawyer, and a graduate of Hamilton College of the Class of 1851.

— The distinguished French Feuilletonist, M. Théophile Gautier, paid a visit to Russia last Winter, and there were a good many surmises as to the object of his journey. We have the solution now in the form of the first part of a work on the treasures of Russian art, ancient and modern, charmingly illustrated by heliographic plates, executed by Richebourg, and published simultaneously at St. Petersburg and by Gide of Paris. The first number contains a minutely detailed description of the church of St. Isaac. Amongst the subjects for the future numbers are the various imperial palaces—the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, Tsargkoë-Sélo, Peterhoff, and Gatchina; the Kremlin, the church of Vassili-Blagennoi, and the convent of Saint Serge. The work is a true *livre de luxe*; it will occupy six hundred pages folio, and two years and a half in publication.

— The historical value of the press may be judged of from the fact that Isaiah Thomas, in collecting the materials for his "History of Printing in America," paid upwards of a thousand dollars for volumes of old newspapers.

— At the forthcoming anniversary-exercises of the Oneida Conference Seminary at Casenovia, Hon. Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, will address the Alumni, and George William Curtis, of New York, will deliver the oration before the Literary Societies.

— A correspondent asks "whether the poem in the last number of the *New York Weekly*, signed W. C. B., is from the pen of Mr. William C. Bryant, and whether Mr. Bryant has determined to seek hereafter his public through the medium of the *Ledger* and the *Weekly*, rather than through the columns of the *Evening Post*, or whether the reason of his first publishing his poems there, is to be found in the rule the *Post* has always had of never paying anything for poetry." We really can't say.

— A small work on the cereals grown in Italy under the Romans, by M. Miebon, is announced for publication in Paris.

— We have received a curiously inopportune letter asking us to "please suppress PERSONNE." We hate to be disobliging, but we should much prefer that our correspondent come down to the office and do it himself.

— *Harper's Monthly*, for July, contains the following articles: 1. The Saguenay, written and illustrated by Benson J. Lossing. 2. A Visit to John Brown's Tract, written and illustrated by Colonel T. B. Thorpe. 3. The Flea, by Mrs. Charlotte Taylor. 4. Ode on the Birthday of John Wesley, by William Ross Wallace. 5. Aceldama Sparks; or, Old and New, by Rose Terry. 6. The Death of Walter Butler, a ballad of Tyron county, by Thomas Dunn English. 7. A Story of a Garter, by Edward H. House. 8. John Wesley, by the Rev. Mr. Hagany. 9. A Midnight Adventure on Mount Cenis, by Mrs. Annie Brewster. 10. In the Garden, by T. B. Aldrich.

Contents of Magazines.

The Quarterly Review, No. CCX.: Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Scottish Minstrelsy; The National Gallery; Bunsen's Egypt and Chronology of the Bible; Devonshire; George the Third—Charles James Fox; Lord Brougham and Law Reform; The War in Italy.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, for June: The Flight to Varennes; The Brothers, by the author of "Ashley;" My Island Home, by Francis Hingeston, M.A.; Cardinal Maury, by Sir Nathaniel; My Friend Pickles, and Some Social Grievances of Which he Desires to Complain, by Alexander Andrews; Scott at Abbottsford, by W. Charles Kent; Arrivals from Paris—Jules Simon, Cherrier, Ampère; Aunt Francisca, by Mrs. Bushby; Lady Morgan, by Cyrus Redding; Here and There in Piedmont; The Hidden Pathway, by Edward P. Rowsell; Evalla, by W. Beilby Bateman; The Campaign in Italy.

Dublin University Magazine, for June: Prize Essay on Christianity in India, by the Rev. J. B. Head, B.A., part II.; A French Butterfly on a Moralist's Wheel; Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier," by Charles Lever, part XVII.; Resources of Modern Warfare—Shells, Fuses, and Enfield Cartridges; Womanhood and its Mission, part II.; The Story of the Norman Conquest, a Series of Designs by Daniel Maclise, R.A.; The Season Ticket—No. 3, Homeward Bound; The Banker of Ballyfree, a Tale; Exhibition of the Works of David Cox; Italy, Seen through French Spectacles.

Blackwood's Magazine, for June: Fleets and Navies—France, part I.; Lord Macaulay and Marlborough; The Luck of Ladysmede, part IV.; War Speculations; The Siege of Plymouth; The New Parliament and its Work; Review of a Review; Lines to a Political Friend; Our Relations with the Continent; Index.

Atlantic Monthly, for July: Thomas Paine's Second Appearance in the United States; Of Books and the Reading thereof; After the Ball; Rock, Tree, and Man; Chip Dartmouth; Seen and Unseen; Percival; Zelma's Vow; William Shakespeare, Attorney and Solicitor; The Minister's Wooing; The Professor at the Breakfast-Table; Art; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, for June: The Saguenay, illustrations; A Visit to "John Brown's Tract," by T. B. Thorpe, illustrations; The Flea, illustrations; Ode on the Birthday of John Wesley; Aceldama Sparks, or Old and New; The Death of Walter Butler, a Ballad of Tryon county; A Story of a Garter; John Wesley; A Man of Honor, by the author of "Lily;" a Midnight Adventure on Mount Cenis; In the Garden; The Virginians, by W. M. Thackeray, illustrations; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Mr. Bottle and his Friend, illustrations; Fashions for July, illustrations.

The Knickerbocker, for July: New York, illustrated, by Dr. James O. Noyes; Romantic Aspects of California and India; Alone, by Miss Fletcher; The Seat of War: A Character, by T. B. Aldrich; The Romance of a Poor Young Man (illustrated by Hoppin); The Lark; Deipnologica, by Charles T. Congdon; A Schoolmaster to his Wife; Young America, by R. S. Chilton; Aunt Patty and her Nieces, a New England Story, by a lady of Cambridge, Mass.; The Water Spout, by Rev. F. W. Shelton; From Museum Deliciae.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending June 25, 1859.

Beauty in the World of Matter, considered as a Revelation of God. By Rev. Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. Preached at the Music Hall on Sunday, July 15, 1855. Pamphlet. pp. 24. Boston: H. W. Swett & Co. 1859.

Humphrey's Journal of the Daguerreotype and Photographic Arts, and the Sciences and Arts pertaining to Heliography. Second series, June 15, 1859. New York: Joseph H. Ladd.

The Wars of the Roses; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. Edgar, author of "The Boyhood of Great Men," "Footprints of Famous Men," "History for Boys," etc. With illustrations. 12mo. pp. 470. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

John Halifax, Gentleman. By the author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion," "The Head of the Family," "Nothing New," etc. Library edition, with four illustrations by Hoppin. 12mo. pp. 480. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Pulpit and Rostrum. Sermons, Orations, Popular Lectures, etc., phonographically reported by Andrew J. Graham, Charles B. Collar, and Felix G. Fontaine. No. VI. Containing a Tribute to the Memory of Humboldt, addresses by J. P. Thompson, D.D., Prof. Bache, Hon. George Bancroft, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Lieber, Prof. Guyot. New York: H. H. Lloyd & Co.

Three Eras of Woman's Life. A Novel. By Elizabeth Elton Smith. pp. 322. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

A Treatise on Gonorrhea and Syphilis. By Silas Durkee, M.D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Member of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, and of the Boston Society of Natural History, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Honorary Member of the Medical Society of the State of New York. With 8 colored [illegible]. 12mo. pp. 4[illegible]. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859.

Military Map of the Seat of War in Italy. Compiled from the most reliable authorities. By Lieut. J. C. Ives, of the Topographical Engineers, U.S.A. New York: J. [illegible]. 1859.

Map of the Seat of War in Italy. New York: R. C. Root, Anthony & Co. 1859.

Guide-Book to the Hudson River, the City of New York, Catskill Mountains, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Saratoga. Illustrated with fifty Engravings. New York: A. Harthill. 1859.

Guide-Book to Niagara, Genesee Falls, Trenton Falls, Montmorenci Falls, River Ottawa, River Saguenay, City of Quebec, and the White Mountains. Illustrated with fifty Engravings. New York: A. Harthill. 1859.

Panorama of the St. Lawrence, Extending from Niagara to Quebec. Engraved from the Charts of the Canadian Government, Photographs, etc. With Views of all the Cities in Canada. Illustrated with forty-two Engravings. New York: A. Harthill. 1859.

Guide-Book to the River Mississippi. New York: A. Harthill. 1859.

Chamber's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated with Woodcuts and Maps. Part 2. Original Edition. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers; New York: Willmer & Rogers.

An American Dictionary of the English Language; containing the whole vocabulary of the First Edition in two volumes quarto; the entire corrections and improvements of the Second Edition in two volumes octavo; to which is prefixed an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection, of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an explanation of the principles on which Languages are formed. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Pictorial Edition, Revised and Enlarged, by Chauncy A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College. With Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical, and Geographical Names; to which are now added Pictorial Illustrations, Table of Synonyms, Peculiar Use of Words and Terms in the Bible, Appendix of New Words, Pronouncing Table of Names of Distinguished Persons, Abbreviations, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases, etc. Royal quarto, pp. 1512. Springfield, Mass.: George & Charles Merriam. 1859.

The Atlantic Monthly. Devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics. No. 21. July, 1859. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. American Edition. June, 1859. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Love-Matters.

— John Herbert was arrested and brought before Justice Ryder, Wednesday afternoon, for keeping a dog unmuzzled, in violation of the ordinance. The magistrate imposed a fine of ten dollars, which was promptly paid by Mrs. Herbert, who informed the justice that she did this to save the dog, but hoped it would not interfere with sending her husband to jail.

— A young lady in Cincinnati was to be led to the altar on Monday evening, by one to whom she had given her heart's affections. Friends and acquaintances had been invited to the marriage ceremony, and a large number had convened. The hour arrived, yet the bridegroom came not. The bride and guests were in waiting, and the hour passed by, and still the bridegroom delayed in making his appearance. At length the postman called at the house with a letter for the intended bride. It was from her betrothed, and containing the cards of himself and bride—he having been married the night previous to another.

— A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

— Marriage, says Cotton, is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

— The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the decision of an inferior court, that a woman has a perfect right to control, in all respects, all property acquired by her before or after marriage, that belongs to her, independent of her husband.

— A poor servant girl named Rosanna Hogan, 18 years of age, employed at No. 91 Stanton street, while in a very distressed state of mind, took four ounces of arsenic Thursday morning. As soon as her situation was known, she was removed to the City Hospital, where she arrived in a state collapse. Stimulants and remedies were freely applied by Dr. Cameron, but in the course of two hours death put a period to her sufferings. During a lucid interval, just prior to her dissolution, she informed the nurse that while at a house in Christie street, as a domestic, she was seduced, and intimated that she committed self-destruction to escape the consequences of her disgrace.

— Lady Mary Wortly Montague used to say that the only thing which reconciled her to being a woman, was that she would never be obliged to *marry* one.

— A terrible illustration of what a scorned woman's fury will lead her to do, occurred last Wednesday in Milwaukee. A lady of that city, returning unexpectedly from a drive, imagined she heard voices in the room usually occupied by herself and husband. The door being closed, she was reduced to the keyhole, and to this aperture she applied her eye. She saw the figure of a woman, and standing by her was the husband of the jealous wife, actually engaged in adjusting a shawl upon the shoulders of the female intruder. The wife went to another room, took a loaded shotgun, returned, opened the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. The husband screamed, the wife fainted. When the latter returned to consciousness, she found the wretch of a husband bending over her, with a well-feigned solicitude in his glance. Mutual explanations ensued, and the body of the woman who had been shot was brought in. It was a dummy! The husband, who pursued the respectable calling of a retail dry-goods dealer, was wont to use this figure to exhibit the mantillas and shawls with which he desired to charm the eyes of the Milwaukee ladies. The dummy, from long exposure and hard usage, had become shabby, and the merchant had that morning brought it from the shop for the purpose of renovating its exterior. Not finding his wife, he was trying in his awkward way to do the work, and was probably swearing at his clumsy attempts, when his wife, mistaking the accents of passion, let fly the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life will teach her a lesson—perhaps.

— Becky Bischbud thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love-letter from another woman in the pocket. This is perfect nonsense. There is not a woman on earth but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.

— Adam Rettig, a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living about eight miles from Milwaukee, on Thursday evening last, murdered his wife, and then shot himself. On that morning he sent his two sons away to a neighbor's on some errand, and at the same time directed his two daughters to go out and milk the cows. No sooner had they got away from the house, than Rettig seized an axe, while his wife's back was turned (she attending to some household work at the time), he dealt her a dreadful blow on the head, breaking in her skull, and knocking her senseless to the floor. While thus prostrate and bleeding before him he placed the muzzle of a double-barreled pistol against her side and discharged it, the balls glancing against the rib bones, passed up under the shoulder-blade, and came out at the top of her head! Not satisfied with this, the wretched man then took a kettle of boiling water and poured it over her from head to foot, while she lived and shrieked in torture worse than death. This done, Rettig then went out to a smoke-house in the yard, and taking an old rifle which he had previously left there already loaded, with a long stick fastened to the trigger, placed the muzzle under his chin, and blew his own brains out! And thus ended the bloody drama. Rettig was a prudent farmer, in independent circumstances, but recently seemed to be deranged on the subject of his wife's fidelity.

— Mr. J[illegible] Howard, a respectable citizen of Minneapolis, Minn., some time last month returned home, and found a man named Snell in his bedroom, etc. A scuffle ensued, Howard attacking Snell with a knife, but the woman interfering, in some manner, permitted Snell to escape unharmed. Howard immediately ordered his guilty wife to pack up her effects, and sent her home to her father's house, in Chautauque county, N. Y. In the meantime Howard publicly gave notice to Snell and his friends that he should slay him at sight. Snell very prudently kept out of the way until Tuesday morning last, when Howard caught sight of him at the corner of Washington avenue and Helen street, and immediately commenced firing at him. Snell ran into a store, pursued by Howard, who put three balls into him before he gained the security of the cellar, where he ensconced himself. Howard ran from door to door of the store to get a chance for another shot, but Snell not appearing, he was taken away by his friends. The balls were extracted, and Snell was at last accounts wavering between life and death. The parties had been friends, and lived on the most intimate terms.

— A Cincinnati paper says that an economical couple from Iowa arrived at Alexandria, Mo., a few days ago, to get married. The groom had neither hat, coat, nor waistcoat, but Justice Spencer kindly loaned him those needy garments, and then tied the knot for the pair. When the ceremony was over, the groom told the "Squire" that he "hadn't a red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf, if they could agree on the terms. The "Squire" took the varmint and gave the happy bridegroom a dollar to boot.

— At Baltimore, a few days since, Annie B. Herring sued James Baughen for breach of promise of marriage, laying her damages at $5,000—a moderate amount compared with Miss Effie Carstang's demand of $100,000. The principal evidence offered was documentary. The defendant had committed himself in writing, and the jury gave the plaintiff an award of $3,500. Defendant's letters were written in 1854 and 1855. The second one, dated Baltimore, September 6, 1855, and addressed to Miss Herring, states that it made his heart "leap with joy upon receiving the last letter from her. It carried his mind back to Mechanicstown, and filled him with pleasant recollections of those days and evenings when they sat side by side in their recitals of love, and whether they were absent or present, in sadness or in joy, his heart would ever turn to her; that his pa was not much opposed to the match, and he hoped soon to succeed in bringing his mother over. They would then take a farm near Flintstone, and live happily together."

In his third letter, dated Baltimore, September 8, 1854, he advised her to "take good care of herself, and not to go out at night any more than she could help, as the dew was very heavy, and a great deal of sickness was prevailing. While in Baltimore he had mingled with the rich and gay, but all of their charms fell to the ground like darts against the Tarpian rocks, when compared with the sweet smiles of the girl he left in Frederick county. He hoped to go on in loving and being loved, and trusted that God would watch over and protect her."

In his letter dated Baltimore, September 9, 1855, he says: "I sometimes feel that I would give the world for one hour with my dear Anna, but I hope soon to see the day that we will be one and inseparable."

His fifth letter was written from Deep Creek, Oct. 18, 1854. In this letter, speaking of a lady who had been married only two weeks, he says she has improved wonderfully, and he hoped marriage life would prove so in all cases. He wished soon to be able to clasp her in his arms, never to separate until death, with its relentless grasp, shall lay them in the narrow tomb. In concluding, he said, "Keep up your spirits, and may God watch over and protect you, is the sincere wish of your devoted lover."

Three other letters were received, dated Deep Creek, Nov. 4, 1854; Atherwood, June, 1855; Atherwood, Aug. 22, 1855. The last letter breaks the promise, on account of his mother's opposition to the marriage. He said he believed it would kill her, if he were to marry contrary to her wishes. Verdict for the lady.

One Thing and Another.

— Peter Verdine, a convict in the State Prison of Michigan, the other day coolly and deliberately laid his finger on a block, took an axe and cut it off close to the hand; rolling the finger up in a paper, he gave it to his keeper, saying to him, "Send it to the Governor as an evidence of the truth." He has been endeavoring to get pardoned, and, being fearful the Governor would not believe all that was set forth in his petition, offered this strange evidence of veracity.—*Jackson (Mich.) Citizen, June 16.*

— The new mammoth hotel at Philadelphia is to be called the "Continental."

— The French papers announce the arrival in Paris of a new chess-prodigy, in the person of Mr. Kolisch, a Hungarian, who has already beaten the best French players. He is a young man like Morphy, having, in fact, been born the same year—1837.

— A singular application of the stereoscope has recently been suggested by Professor Dove, of Berlin, of which the following brief description is taken from the *Times*:—"If two accurately identical copies of ordinary print be placed side by side in the stereoscope, they will not offer any unusual appearance. But if there be the slightest, although inappreciable, difference between the copies, as, for instance, in the interval separating the same words, the difference will be made evident in the stereoscope, by the elevation into relief (or the reverse) of the corresponding space above the adjoining parts." M. Dove proposes this as an infallible means of distinguishing a forged bank-note from a genuine one, etc.

— The wing of the Spiritualists led by Rev. John M. Spear, claim that a congress of Spirits has been formed, of which Mr. Spear is a medium. They tell us that this congress "has formed seven subsidiary co-ordinate associations, whose province may be guessed from their titles, viz: The Association of Beneficents, of Electricisers, of Element-isers, of Education-isers, of Healthful isers, of Agricultural-isers, and Government-isers." The first document put forth by this Spiritual Congress, through the mediumship of Mr. Spear, is entitled *The Educator*, "for the Association of Government-isers," of which it is claimed Robert Rantoul is President. According to this manifesto there is soon to be a new Republic in the United States, with a new religion.

— A late number of the English *Court Circular* announced that "the Court would go into mourning for the late King of Naples for ten days, commencing on Thursday, the 9th instant." Such a stickler for royal etiquette is the Court of St. James, that we verily believe it would go into mourning for the Prince of Darkness himself. Unluckily, however, it will have no chance to do so at present. Certainly not while the war lasts, and the British clergy are engaged (as is Beecher) in forming Rifle Clubs.

— The person who "stole a march," has been put in the same cell with "Procrastination, the Thief of Time."

— The North wing of the Patent Office, Washington, is fast approaching completion. The last layers of granite and marble are being laid, and ere another Autumn it will be roofed in, and the exterior work on this magnificent building will have ended.

— The General Convention of the Swedenborgian Church, was in session in Philadelphia last week, and made choice of the following officers, for the ensuin year: President, Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., Boston, Mass.; Vice President, Rev. J. R. Hibbert, Chicago; Secretary, Rev. T. B. Hayward, Mass.; Treasurer, Mr. R. L. Smith, New York. There was 70 delegates present, of whom 31 were from Massachusetts.

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* See "Babie Bell and other Poems."

— We copy the following paragraph from the *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record*, the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It is a resolution passed at the Presbytery of London, Canada West, reflecting in very strong language on the conduct of those Church members who assisted in celebrating the late Burns Centenary:

> "That, in view of the part which several office-bearers and members of the Church of Christ have taken in the late anniversary of the poet Burns, this court cannot refrain from expressing its unqualified disapprobation of their conduct; believing that all such celebrations tend to lower the tone of public morals, and lend a powerful influence to a corrupting literature."

— It is proposed, by the admirers of the picture of Mr. Everett as the Orator, that a companion piece be painted of the distinguished "laudator," to be known under the title of Mr. Everett the contributor, in which he shall be represented as reading the *Ledger*, comparing upon the open page the merits of the "Mount Vernon Papers" with those of "The Hidden Hand."

— A fine obelisk to Lieut. Herndon, who was lost in the steamship *Central America*, is to be placed on the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has just been completed at the quarries in Quincy. The shaft is eighteen feet long, four feet square at the base, tapers to one foot six inches at the top, and will rest upon a pedestal four feet high, six feet square. Upon one side appears, in prominent raised letters, the name of "Herndon;" upon the other, "September 12th, 1857."

— The following item is going the rounds of the papers:—"Appleton has disposed of his eligible spot on which, for eight years, he has transacted his book business. It commanded the munificent price of $350,000. It cost the owner, eight years ago, the sum of $200,000. Not a bad profit, when it is considered that the site has been one of the best for business that could be found on Broadway. It has been purchased by a down-town dry goods house, and a new and costly store will stand on the site of the old and familiar bookstore and publishing house."

— The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian church in this city, has challenged Fred. Douglass to discuss the merits of the African Civilization Society in New York, Geneva, Rochester, Boston, or Newport, on the 5th of July. This challenge is subject to acceptance by either Mr. Douglass or Dr. James McCune Smith, both of whom have taken ground against the Society, of which Mr. Garnet is President. All the parties are gentlemen of decided color and talent.

— A meeting of the class of 1861 of Harvard College, was held last week, for the choice of junior editor of the Harvard Magazine, for 1859–60. William Franklin Snow of Oahu, Thomas Henry Knowles of New Bedford, and James Kent Stone of Brookline, were elected respectively, first, second, and third editors.

— A National Spiritualists' Convention will be held at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of August, next. Doctor H. F. Gardner, of Boston, will preside. Among the speakers expected to attend, are Judge Edmonds, Stephen Pearl Andrews, General N. P. Tallmadge, Professor Brittan, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge, and Mrs. Hatch.

— The Manchester print works have for several months been successfully using a photographic process, invented by Messrs. Whipple and Black, of Boston, to aid in transferring patterns from the original to the copper roll. The process saves a great amount of manual labor, and insures great accuracy.

— On the 26th of August next, the good old State of Massachusetts (New England) will be decorated with a new hat, the old one having become too seedy for further use.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Resurgam!

With the performance to-day the Academy of Music closes its doors until September. The representation, which is after the manner of a Solemnity, is for the benefit of the amiable Dubreuil—Dubreuil, the stage manager; Dubreuil, whom everybody—prime ladies, prime tenors, and enraged managers—always pitch into, as Macready used to shake up a "supe" before he rushed on to request Mr. Macduff to "lay on," and not mind him (Mr. Macbeth); Dubreuil, who plays all the bad parts, and is always in a good humor; Dubreuil, who is the operatic orator, par excellence, and who, when the prime lady breaks down, or the tenor eats too much dinner, or the basso gets sick, or the baritone grouty, expresses the regrets of the manager in such superlatively bad English as to make everybody perfectly satisfied.

Well, this pleasant fellow gives us a rich programme for the Saturday matinée,—this blessed Saturday, June the twenty-fifth. There is the whole opera of *Ernani*, with Gazzaniga as Elvira, for the first time in this city; the charming Spanish ballad—"The Orange Girl"—to be sung by Gazzaniga, with the gold and silver basket given to her by the enthusiastic Havanese; Brignoli's serenade from *Don Pasquale*, and a patriotic duet from *Masaniello*—all for a dollar!

That's a programme as is a programme. I should like to see it improved upon.

It is a brilliant and appropriate pendant to the operatic season.

And so it is over. And all the fascinating Anna Marias, and overpowering Whiskerses, must find some new locality wherein to exercise their small arms and train their light artillery. No more astonishing mixtures of lace, and silk, and velvet, and flowers, and flirtations, in the little pews on the grand tier; no more overwhelming trowsers in the parquette; no more seedy adherents of the artists in the awful corners where the parquette pours its contents into the lobbies; no more beer and bad English in the subterranean haunt to which the dilettanti repair between the acts; no more rows among the managers, nor jealousies between the artists.

They are all going to the country together, and will imitate the lambs and things lying down together in peace after Landseer's print.

They all intend to live on milk and cultivate the moral virtues.

Except Laborde and Poinsot, who have gone to Paris, where they don't do it.

And Brignoli, Amodio, Colson, Squires, Madame Strakosch, and some small fry, who are going to Montreal to have a shy at the Canadian one-pound notes.

What will happen next season is more than I can tell, but they say that Strakosch and Ullmann will join their forces.

Both of them have lost lots of money lately, and probably a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind.

Brougham's New Play.

This piece has made a good deal of noise among the critics and actors, but the public sensation created by it is not profound.

It is a romantic drama, in five acts, with the title of *Art and Artifice*—one of those alliterative combinations which don't mean anything in particular, but which look very well on a play-bill. It is the old story of Quintin Matsys, an armorer of Antwerp, who, loving and beloved by a lady fair, was incited to win renown by the easel rather than with the sledge-hammer. Those were the barbarous days. Had the smith lived now-a-days, he would have made his fortune by a government-contract, and married Anna Maria, whose nose would have been elevated to an angle of sixty at a painter who had nothing but reputation.

And here I think is the main difficulty about Mr. Brougham's play. It breathes the author's art-enthusiasm throughout. It is an artist's play, and savors too much of the studio to be appreciated by the general public. The general public argues in this wise: I see a good picture and I buy it, and there's an end. I don't care about the artist's hopes, aspirations, thoughts, longings, disappointments, or triumphs. I buy his picture just the same as I would a pair of boots.

So with a general audience,—and we have, as yet, none other,—all Mr. Brougham's fine writing, all his sarcasms against money and money-getting go for nothing. A miser attempts to pass off a picture purchased from another person as the work of his own hand. It is Matsys's work, and Matsys exposes the trick and claims the lady coveted by the avare. The trading public see no harm in the miser's operation, and rather regret that he should have been defeated.

Then Mr. Brougham's serious pieces are always heavy. In over-elaborating his dialogue he makes it dull, and imitating the formal speech of the old days he makes his characters talk a good deal of nonsense in a stilted way. The plot of this play is not well constructed. The story is very lightly veiled, and the dénoument can be readily guessed after the second act has been played.

The characters are well drawn,—that of the pinched serving-man, played by Mr. Walcott, admirably so. The old miser and his sister are good sketches. Quentin, of course, good. He was ready-made. Miss Clifton and Mr. Brougham have light and pleasant parts, in which they are very good.

The acting was moderately good, and the piece may be set down as a success.

I am inclined to think, however, that it will give the author more reputation among literary and artistic men than money from the theatre-going public.

Our amiable cotemporary, the *Tribune*, is to be hauled over the legal coals by Mr. Dyott, who was accused of being imperfect in the text, and of other high crimes and misdemeanors. Mr. Dyott, who, it appears, is a very important personage, has (see *Herald* adv's—12½ cents per line) received more than one hundred communications on the subject, and is "now" conferring with "eminent counsel." I hope that when he gets the money, he won't throw it away in land out West, but put it in Chemical Stock which pays six per *cent*. quarterly.

Florentine English.

Mr. Florence, who is going on swimmingly at Wallack's, announces the "second week of these popular "young American Couple," who have, etc., etc. I advise the bill-editor who composed the above sentence, to look up that evening-school for adults, over in the Oriental districts.

The War at Niblo's.

The immortal Keller, who is ready for anything from the flood down to the battle of Magenta, has produced, at Niblo's, a curious thing, which they call a play. It is simply a string of dialogue, introducing in a clumsy way some very fine tableaux vivants, illustrating the events of the war.

The pictures, good as they are, do not draw. I think people get about as much, and perhaps a little more war than they want from the Able Editors.

PERSONNE.

Art Items.

— Mr. T. B. Read, in addition to his portrait of Longfellow, so highly spoken of in the Boston papers, has completed portraits of the poet's three young daughters.

— Mr. A. Bierstadt, of New Bedford, together with Mr. F. S. Frost and others, are on an excursion to the Rocky Mountains.

— Some one hundred and fifty tons of iron-work for the interior of the dome at Washington has just been received from New York, and the work has thus received a new impetus. This iron is now in process of being put in place, to do which a considerable number of workmen are engaged, giving a busy appearance to a part of the Capitol which has had to rest a considerable time for the necessary castings. We learn that by December next the whole of the first section, or that part of the dome now in hand, will be completed, so as to allow the next or "pilaster" section to be commenced. There has been no delay on the work from the beginning, and the apparent stoppage on the dome was apparent only, the founders at New York, to the number of about two hundred, having been continually employed thereon.

— Palmer has nearly completed, in marble, "The White Captive;" it is a most expressive and exquisite work; the dignity of pure maidenhood blends with the heroism of disciplined intellect and Christian faith in the countenance, wherein pain, and superiority thereto, are marvellously combined; the hands tell the whole story—their delicate beauty indicate high lineage, their firm grasp, self-control, and determination; had the hand of its gyve been a discovered fragment, we could have inferred the significance of the whole figure therefrom. One of the most difficult things, in plaster-art, is, to make an old lady's head picturesque; yet the profile bas-relief of Blandina Dudley, by Palmer, is one of the most effective portraits of the kind imaginable; her cap is as full of character as her brow and nose. The seventh copy of that peerless ideal bust, "Resignation," is just finished; "Commodore Perry," for Mr. Belmont, is nearly done, in marble, and is a master-piece of heroic portraiture; the "Peasant Girl," "Slumber," "Remorse," the "Indian Girl," and the "Infant Ceres," scattered about the studio, evidence the versatility, self-devotion, and progress of this gifted artist. His last work is a bust of Governor Morgan of New York—the best, as a likeness, he has yet achieved.—*Boston Transcript.*

— The Rome correspondent of the London *Athenæum* describes an interesting work in the studio of Mr. Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor. It is a model of a pair of doors to be cast in bronze for the Capitol at Washington. It is a Government commission. The subject, singularly suitable, is the discovery of America by Columbus. There are nine compartments, each a graceful picture: the *chef-d'œuvre* is the landing on the shores of the New World, which forms the principal subject, and dominates over the whole, being beneath the arch and extending over both doors. The other groups represent the most striking incidents in the history of the great Genoese. The model has been sent to Munich to be cast, and has excited great admiration among the German artists. Should the projected Exhibition take place in London in 1861, the doors will be sent thither previous to their departure for America.

— The Committee appointed by the Artists of Boston, to obtain funds for the erection in Boston of Ball's Equestrian Statute of Washington, to be cast in bronze in Massachusetts, announce that a Ladies' Fair will be held in Boston, some time in November next, to aid in the collection of the requisite funds. When will this begging-business in behalf of Washington come to an end?

— The War, which stimulates literary adventurers, and gives employment to hosts of correspondents, appears to have an adverse influence on artists. The "Lounger at the Clubs," in the London *Illustrated Times*, says:

> "For years no such stagnation has been known. It is reckoned by those knowing in such matters that generally, on the day of the private view of the Academy, from eight to ten thousand pounds' worth of pictures is sold; and this year it is not imagined that one thousand pounds was on that day invested in the purchase of works of art. Mr. Millais has sold two out of his three—'The Vale of Rest,' to Mr. Windus, and the 'Love of James the First,' to Mr. Gainbart. This last named gentleman is also the purchaser of Mr. Rankley's 'Last Sermon.'
>
> "M. Blanchard, the gentleman selected to engrave Mr. Frith's picture of 'The Derby Day,' is now in London, and hard at work. A portion of his task is already completed.
>
> "Mr. John Forster has withdrawn his originally expressed refusal to allow the portrait of 'Charles Dickens in his Study,' by Mr. Frith, to be engraved; and it will eventually come under the burin of Mr. T. O. Barlow, who has purchased the copyright."

— A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Rome, says:

> "Miss Hosmer's knowing little Puck, perched on a mushroom, with a nettle in one hand, and a lizard in the other, is almost too well known to need description. The Cenci, mournful and despairing, flung on a couch in utter prostration, the night before her execution, her rosary trailing on the ground, scarcely held by the listless hand, is full of deep feeling. One wonders to see such mature works from such young hands."

— The design of T. B. Read's portrait of Longfellow, says the Boston *Transcript*, is very felicitous. The attitude of the figure is easy, graceful, and dignified; and, in every particular, the effect is agreeable. The poet is represented standing near a corner of his library. On one side of the figure in the background, a portion of a large old-fashioned clock is visible. On the other a desk is seen, where stands a little statuette of Goethe. The surroundings of the figure are conceived in perfect taste. As a likeness, this portrait of Longfellow is more satisfactory than anything yet known to the public. It is not merely a map of the face. The warm poetic sympathy of the artist with his subject pervades the whole work. His portrait, without ceasing to be a genuine representation, is a poetic ideal. The eyes are very fine in expression. There is a slight, a very slight sternness in the face; but it has also a peculiar serenity and gentleness. It expresses—and very finely too—that youth of genius which time is powerless to wither,—perpetuated as it is by

> Thoughts which always find us young
> And always keep us so.

— Mr. Henry Dexter, the well-known sculptor, has received an order from a number of Mr. Buchanan's friends in Boston, to make a marble bust of the President, and has gone to Washington to execute the commission. The same artist has a bust of the Hon. Henry Wilson nearly completed in his studio at Cambridge.

— The *Crayon* gives the following discriminating notice of Church's "Heart of the Andes:" This landscape deserves and will repay close study, both on account of its subject, and for certain artistic powers which are rarely displayed so conspicuously and so intelligibly. The picture represents the leading characteristics of South American vegetation, and is intended to impress us with the grandeur of scenery among the Andes. In the background we see snow-covered mountains, and "cloud-capped hills;" in the middle-ground, a valley teaming with tropical richness, spotted with villages and traversed by a densely-wooded stream, intersected by a waterfall; from this fall the eye comes forward to the foreground, where peculiar trees stand in the midst of luxurious shrubbery, intermingled with brilliant flowers, and with still more brilliant birds and insects. All this material forms an interesting panorama, every square inch of the canvas being covered with nature's statistics, and its result is in the apparent faithful character of such a multiplicity of objects, to show remarkable perceptive organs, a wonderful memory, and a scientific statement of them by the brush, which puzzles and delights all who wield or admire the capacity of that delicate instrument. But these points of interest in the picture are not the only ones. Although the composition is defective, the general rendering of light is admirable. We cannot say as much for the general effect of color. One of the most beautiful sections of the picture, which is most enjoyable in sections, is that of the sky and clouds; the blue is pure and transparent, and of true celestial depth, while the clouds are delicately and tastefully drawn, and of genuine fleecy lightness. The graceful character of the small trees and of the masses of shrubbqery is another point of interest. What the picture lacks is repose and unity. The absence of repose and of unity—or, in other words, concentration of interest—is chiefly due to a lack of space, and to proper subordination of objects. The faint indication of rays which are meant to express the atmosphere, do not fulfil their mission; the style of execution, moreover, does not favor the expression of space, as the objects in the distance are painted with as much precision as in the foreground. The mountains recede by the laws of perspective, and yet are not remote or lofty, simply because the character of nearness is presented instead of that of distance. Were the qualities of space and the relative value of objects better expressed, as satisfactorily as other elements of landscape beauty are, we would be more sensible of the mystery of nature, and find our imagination absorbed by the scene itself, instead of having our mind employed upon an infinity of details.

— The Philadelphia *Enquirer* says that Rembrandt Peale and Thomas Sully, the eminent Philadelphia artists, are engaged in painting each other's portrait. Mr. Joseph Harrison, a wealthy and liberal gentleman of this city, originated this enterprise, and has commissioned each of the venerable artists to do this service for the other. Mr. Peale has recently entered upon his 82d year, and this month Mr. Sully will be 76.

— Mr. Henry Dexter, the well-known sculptor, has received an order from Washington to make a marble bust of Dr. Buchanan.

— Messrs. A. H. Ritchie & Co. have published an engraving from a drawing by Darley, called "The First Blow for Freedom." It is a picture of the roadside firing upon the regulars on their march to Boston, after the battle of Lexington. The picture is thoroughly American in feeling and natural in treatment. The men, surprised at work, show the determination that made the heroes of Seventy six unconquerable. The women, in their fearless devotion, are the mothers and sisters of such men. The picture gives a better account of the struggle than many of our pseudo histories, and could be studied with profit by the politicians who seek to rule the nation descended from such men.

— Mr. Edwin White, an American artist, who has been residing for some years in Paris, returns to the United States in about ten days, with his much-admired picture of "General Washington Resigning the Command of the American Army." It is painted for the Senate House at Annapolis, where the scene described took place, State of Maryland. The canvas is about nine by fourteen feet; it contains about thirty portraits, besides many imaginary figures. Mr. White receives $6,000 for it, from the State of Maryland, the money having been provided, we believe, without any begging operation.

— Herr Leopold de Meyer, as a pianaforte player, is one of the wonders of the age. Of this the profession generally have been long aware, but the public were not fully enlightened until Tuesday, when a concert was given at the Hanover-square Rooms. Nearly every piece selected for performance was of his own composing. His powerful finger, rapid execution, and dashing style—now raising a thunder-clap of chords, and anon dealing them out in the faintest whispers—created no less an amount of astonishment than delight. The facility that he has discovered in travelling the mysterious ins and outs of the keyboard are truly wonderful.

Both the playing, as well as the composition of Herr Leopold de Meyer, are strongly impressed with the stamp of individuality; in proof of which we need only cite his "Airs Hongrois" and "The Mermaid"—pieces that can scarcely be played with effect by any person other than himself. It is somewhat late in the day to attempt an analysis of the doings of this extraordinary artist. His fame is European, and his works are regarded as the productions of a master who has founded a school of his own, one, in fact, in which there are few disciples. Mlle. Vaneri and Herr Reichardt afforded a necessary relief to the pianisms of the concert-giver, by their vocal efforts. Mlle. Vaneri was, to a certain extent, successful in "Qui la voce." Her style was somewhat exaggerated, and, to say the least of it, more adapted for the stage than the quieter domain of the Hanover-square Rooms. Herr Reichardt exhibited a better style of singing, but was not very happy in the choice of pieces selected.—*London Athenæum.*

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We confess ourselves surprised anew every month with the abundance and variety of entertaining matter which it affords. It certainly is one of the literary curiosities of the age.—[Boston Advertiser.

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine, must have been struck with the multiplicity of papers embodying important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, so that, apart from its merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of no small value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, though promising little immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance from year to year, and now furnishes a sort of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfactory character of which will be the most highly appreciated by those who have the most frequent occasion to consult its columns.—[N. Y. Tribune.

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B. Ullman, Esq., having kindly tendered to Signor Amati Dubreuil the free use of the Academy, a

GRAND GALA MATINEE
will be given on
Saturday, June 25, 1859,
AT 1 O'CLOCK.

The following eminent artists have volunteered their valuable services:

Signora MARIETTA GAZZANIGA,
Signori STEFANI, BRIGNOLI,
AMODIO, SBRIGLIA,
GASPARONI, GNONE,
(his second appearance in the United States,) and
CARL FORMES.

The performance will consist of the entire opera (first time this season) of

ERNANI,
with Mme. GAZZANIGA,
Signori STEFANI,
GNONE,
GASPARONI,
in the principal roles; and of a

Musical Intermede,

during which Carl Formes will sing Schuberth's celebrated "WANDERER," Mme. Gazzaniga the favorite Spanish song, "THE NARANJERA;" Signor Brignoli the Serenade of Don Pasquale, with chorus; and Signori Sbriglia and Amodio the famous patriotic duet of Masaniello.

Conductor, - - - CARL ANSCHUTZ.
Admission (to all parts of the house) - - - $1.
NO RESERVED SEATS.

Tickets may be had at the regular ticket office, the principle hotels, book, and music stores.

The sale of tickets commence this (Saturday) morning.

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—*Willis' Current Notes*, for May, 1857 (London), has these verses communicated to that publisher's miscellany, by R. S. Hawker, obtained from the recitation of a very aged individual:"

"Now cross over, Jonathan—
Figure in, Jemima;
Mother take the stools away,
'Twill make the room look wider.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, Yankee Doodle,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Sister Sue is very sick,
We don't know what ails her;
She yesterday ate forty eggs,
And now her stomach fails her.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, Yankee Doodle,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

"General Gage is very brave,
Very brave pertikular—
He gallop'd up a precipice,
And down a perpendicular.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, Yankee Doodle,
Yankee Doodle Dandy."

WAR.

Abstract of a Sermon delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, June 12, 1859, by the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett.

Isaiah ii. 4—"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The prophet has a vision of Christ's kingdom come. He sees beyond the grave of the last vicious passion, when no hand shall remain to wield a sword or a spear, and the plough-share and the pruning-hook shall stand the emblems of perpetual peace. He looked through the future as through a lens, and beyond the ages of battle his eye at last rested, and as, his highest conception of Millennium, he predicts a cessation of hostilities, an eternal armistice between conflicting nations.

"Shall learn war no more." It was farther than the present that the prophet must have looked, for Europe is one vast military academy, where men are disciplined in the tactics of scientific slaughtering, before they are allowed to practice a peaceful profession. The history of War would well nigh tell the history of the world. All nations have their sacred battles to which they point back with veneration. Poets and orators can find no more inspiriting theme than the achievements of some warlike hero; and sculptors and painters draw their inspiration from imaginary battles. All the past is but one continuous battle; and I doubt whether, since Abel's slaughter, the sun has ever made his circuit without looking upon bloodshed. The nations have used peace as an individual uses night, to recuperate for more violent struggles. Such an universal outlet to the passions of the race as War has been, is worth a moral consideration.

The mind of the individual holds, in germ at least, all the passions that have rocked continents, all the intellectual conditions and possibilities that have characterized the world's golden ages all the moral states, in fractions, that millennium, or heaven even, will possess in totality. A man is a key to a nation, to the universe. And *thus* we may hope to understand War. We, who are dwelling in a land of long peace and consequent plenty, read of War as a past barbarism, and it requires an effort to appreciate that within a few weeks, thousands of human beings have been butchered in conflict; to realize that while I speak, half Europe is in arms; nay, at this instant, may be, the very earth is quaking beneath the shock of cavalry, and the green glories of an Italian Spring are polluted by a shower of blood. Yet it is the *one* absorbing topic of the day. It loads the telegraphs, and gives the steamer a heartier welcome. All eyes are strained Eastward, and all hearts cast their sympathies with one party or the other.

I purpose to discourse of War—its attractiveness, futility, and wickedness, as illustrated in this present European conflict.

War, as an extant fact, is a physical encounter between two nations, with the avowed purpose of employing every possible means for the destruction of each others' lives and possessions. The bare definition would seem its condemnation. It is so monstrous and revolting! Yet it were vain to deny that War *is attractive*. There is an attraction in the bare idea of contention and strife. We need no more forcible illustration of this than the prize-fights of the last year furnish. The greediness of the public to gather up the minute details, the readiness on the part of the masses to lionize the combatants, and the passiveness of large numbers who are held from open demonstrations of sympathy only by the decencies of society—these are witnesses. To meet a foe, to imperil life, to overcome and be a victor, always has its fascination. War superadds the enthusiasm of pomp and numbers. The brilliant equipage, the maddening excitement of martial music, the evolutions of acres of soldiery, their polished firelocks, their flaunting banners, their patriotism,—these are all powerful incentives. Then, wars have sometimes been just—and each war is supposed to be just. The God of Battles is solemnly invoked to general the army, and lead His own to victory. The religious element makes each soldier an angel, and his slaughter martyrdom. All wars are made, by the nations, religious wars. Priests stand ready, water in hand, to seal the souls of the valiant dying for Paradise, and stamp them with the signet of immortality. Thus, the pious Austrian peasant, before he leaves his home for the camp, kisses his wife and little ones adieu to meet once more, either in Vienna or in Paradise. He becomes a hero for the Cross, in his own eyes.

There is, then, a fearful attractiveness about War. Religion is made to ennoble and sanctify all misdoings. Satan never has a plan of scientific deviltry but what religion is used as the decoy. See the cast-iron piety of the Puritan Cromwell, fighting for God's glory and England's crown. What a spectacle of bigoted enthusiasm does his army present! Now they are saying grace over their powder, and invoking Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to guide their bullets to their enemies hearts. Those men were invincible. They felt as though in some way they were props to the eternal Throne. They renounced the carnal drum and fife and moved solemnly to the slaughtering shock to the tune of "Old Hundred" and "Mear," accenting each line with a volley of musketry, while the groans of the dying echoed an awful interlude. Conquer them? Why, *death was victory*. War was attractive to them, for eternal glory lay just beyond it. Our own Washington hallowed the execution of Andre with a prayer, and poured upon the blaze of vomiting batteries a solemn benediction. Later, in the English army, we have a Havelock and a Henry Vicars serving the King of kings and the Queen of queens with apparent consistency, mailed with a doubled panoply: to-day, before the Malakoff of Sevastopol, or the Sepoys of India; to-morrow, waving their palms where sword and plowshare are alike useless—the one missing a ducal coronet in his ambition to seize a saint's diadem.

I grant to War all that can be claimed, and admit its attractiveness. I have designedly omitted all the allurements it would have to bad men—a thirst for revenge, for a loose, reckless life. This brings me to consider its *futility*. All wars pretend to contest for great principles of right. If such were the *fact*, instead of *pretence*, the mooted point would be amicably adjusted, for *right* is not testy and quarrelsome; only misconception and wrong are hungry for violence. The real issue of any war is settled not by the cannon, but by the conference that succeeds the battles. Instance the Crimean campaign. What principle of justice or of human right was established by that long bombardment? The horrors of that siege can never be told on earth—the thousands that fell unhonored by dire disease, from exposure, and crime. Bulletins told of brilliant charges and gallant fighting; but the world stopped not to hear beneath the hollow hurrahs the sobs, and groans, and lamentations, for dear sons and brave fathers and husbands. The orphans and the widows! If we could calculate the sum of their suffering, true courage would be to prevent the repetition of their grief by *killing War itself*. Oh! the unrevealed horrors of that campaign! And for what? To purchase that miserable treaty at the close, which could have been as honorably signed at first? Must it be a compact so Satanic that each letter should cost the heart's blood of a soldier, and each line swim in the tears of orphanage and widowhood? Have monarchs become so luxuriously hellish that they can only exchange courtly salutations over a mountain of dead subjects? Must they run their boundaries upon the earth as they do upon the maps, with a fringe of red? Futile, monstrously futile, is such irreparable *waste of life*. We will call it no harsher name yet. To my finite judging, I can see no high virtue served, no divine precept illustrated, no principle given to the race for its betterment, in such supreme earthliness and bestiality.

I say, in fine, that war is wicked. Words are like refrigerators to my hot thoughts as I contemplate the vice that has ever been its concomitant. It is a safe assertion that war is an unmitigated evil. There are hardly enough of exceptions of goodness to prove the rule. The effect upon the individual, the nation, and the country, is the same. It is antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity, and is the indulgence of the worst passions of our nature. Let a nation once become innoculated with the hate, anger, and revenge of which war is the innoculating power, and the most thorough allopathic bayonet-bleeding, and the disagreeable blisters of debt and want, will hardly eradicate the wrong. I know of no single virtue that flourishes in blood; but crime, and debauchery, and awful profligacy, follow the camp. And does not he who robs a mortal of the existence that the Almighty alone can give—who stops this superb mechanism in the full play of its powers, and precipitates a soul before its Maker and Judge,—does he not assume a tremendous responsibility? Dare he imagine the enormities transacted these days upon the fields of Northern Italy? Hundreds of thousands of men are poured into a small kingdom. They move like the curse of locusts, devouring every green thing as they proceed. All peaceful enterprises are paralyzed. The husbandman's harvest is the parade-ground for the soldiery, and their sacred homes are free to the mailed warrior; and all this even in a friendly territory. From yesterday's Press, said the speaker, I clip this vivid picture of the present struggle. It shows, in strong contrast, the respective glories of peace and war, and *I* think it takes the laurel from England's laureate, in comparison with his last war poem:

Peace and War.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

On fair Sardinia's fields and streams,
The tender Spring-light lay,
The tranquil earth was bathed in beams
Soft as the sunlight of our dreams,—
This was but yesterday.

The tinkling bells of grazing herds,
The bleat of goats, the song of birds,
The herdsman's carol gay,
Rose like a sweet spontaneous psalm
Toward the blue heaven so pure and calm—
This was but yesterday.

On Lake Maggiore's breast of light
The fisher spread his wings of white
To seek his shining prey;
In olive-grove and vineyard fine
The peasant pruned the tree and vine—
This was but yesterday.

God seemed to smile on all the land,
Its fairy vales, its mountains grand,
Its people bold and gay;
Peace arched the clouds with shining bow,
Peace beautified the earth below—
This was but yesterday.

To-day the mad Briareus, War,
Storms through those scenes on flaming car—
The peasants, where are they?
Through grove and vineyard sweep the guns,
And from the Press of Slaughter runs
The Wine of Life, to-day.

The herdsman's hut, the trim chateau—
What marks their sites?—A lurid glow,
Or jet of fiery spray;
And ah! in place of tinkling bells,
The air is rent with furious yells
And hissing shot, to-day.

The olive-groves are falling fast
Before the salvo's deadly brast—
Fit victims of the fray;
For oh! what should the *olive* do,
When Peace, for whom its branches grew,
Is crucified, to-day.

Oh! if you have never heard the unwritten story of a War as it is *lived* in the pauses of battle, you are not prepared for the disclosures. The field of the most desperate carnage but faintly typifies that war of lust and passion that rages in the hearts of both armies. Then ponder upon the anxiety and the love that follow these husbands and fathers. Think of the arrows of anguish that will fly from that field of Montebello, shooting out the light from many a firmament, and crushing the life from many a heart. The mother and the little ones may wail and sob for the father in the wars. Years of anxious watching—aye, quick descents into anguish-dug graves, will be the fate of the innocents at home. Were I a monarch, I would rather purchase peace at almost any cost—rather divide my kingdom—aye, die by my own sword—than be crushed into my grave by a weight of human agony, or have my spirit's peace drowned in the tears of the fatherless, or leave earth orchestraed by that awful wail—that crash that goeth up when a million widowed hearts are breaking.

War is wickedness from end to end. I have drawn not at all upon my imagination. The facts of history are a hideous poem; war, a "Paradise Lost," enacted with the original cast, where devils are the dramatis personæ. In humanity's mental and moral infancy and physical gianthood, war might have been the most exalted logic of which they were capable. You know we are not very particular about the blood and proportions of the horse that draws a loaded sledge through the forest, provided he has strength, provided the sledge moves. But horse connoisseurs would require a different quadruped to roll their purple-trimmed carriage and their coat-of-arms down Broadway. So God may have used low means for low purposes in the race's advancement. In the old stage days, a rude and ponderous wagon was good enough to carry passengers through sloughs and swamps. The swaying luxury of the coach was reserved for better roads. Thus God may drag the race through its dismal swamps and dark sloughs with appropriate cattle. But the past is past; and as I don't pretend to be "a Divine"—merely a "human"—I cannot pry into God's hidden councils, or understand his wisdom. Some imagine the Lord uses the Devil as canallers use a tow-horse—to drag the scow of Christianity down the winding channel of the ages. Maybe; but however war may have served God's purpose in time's gone, Christ's spiritual kingdom of love was inaugurated upon another basis. Christ's entire life—his every act and every word, in living or dying, proclaimed that *his* was the kingdom of *peace*—that it is the grand province of Christianity to conquer land after land and heart after heart with that sword of the spirit that is unstained by blood—to settle all feuds by an appeal to moral weapons, to reason and to love. It is to exalt man into the pure empyrean of right, where the just *do* live by faith, where enemies *are* fraternal, and where God *is* love. To bring all the earth under this sway is the design of Christ; to usher in that day when our intellectual and moral atmosphere shall be renovated and clarescent, as the lightnings of hate flash out forever; when no triumphal processions shall await the blood-stained conqueror, and no laurels wave upon his brow; but when a warrior shall be called a murderer, and the brand of Cain set upon his frontal; when the last army shall "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

This shall be but the preface, the slight rehearsal of everlasting peace—the sanctified earth but a prophecy of the glorified heaven. When the celestial hosts—cherubim and seraphim, and myriad archangels, and earth's redeemed millions—shall celebrate the bloodless victory,

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

This pæan of eternal triumph shall swell forever, marred by no discordant notes of agony. And Christ, the wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the *Prince of Peace*, shall sway His eternal sceptre.

[Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

LARGE SALE OF BOOKS.

LONDON, June 3, 1859.

On the 25th of May last commenced a sale of books here, chiefly American or relating to America, the most noteworthy, probably, which has taken place for a long time, or is likely to take place for a long time to come. I send you a little sketch of it, as I know many of your literary and antiquarian readers will like to be informed as to the appreciation here of works of the character abovementioned.

Preliminarily I will remark that auction sales in London are not those noisy assemblages you have in America. The crier seldom speaks above his ordinary business voice. The works are always sold in lots, and a lot may consist of one, or any other number of volumes. All lots are bid for and sold as one book.

The sale, of which I am to give you a sketch, has continued eight days, and there are two days more of it to come. Hence a ten days' sale. Each day, however, occupies but three and a half or four hours, and the part of the day employed is from one o'clock in the afternoon to three and a half or four.

The Catalogue of the books occupies 256 pages in octavo, and the number of lots is 3,272. In the collection are a few manuscripts extraordinary. These books and MSS. have been chiefly collected by a person whose name is not given. He has, I learn, been many years about it, and whether he collected with a view to this method of distribution, I am not informed, but such was probably the case. There is one feature in the collection which I should mention before the details I am to give, and that is, the remarkably fine condition of the works in general, many of the rarest things never having passed through the hands of a barbarous bookbinder at all. I speak especially with regard to small tracts, as, for instance, a John Cotton tract of a few pages comes up in its original tiny blue paper cover, all clean, outside and in; and so of many others.

Not being present at the first day's sale, I have no note of the rarities that day—though there were many—and shall begin with the second. The prices I will render in American money.

The Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre at Boston, 5th of March, 1770, $7 75; the London reprint of the same work, with the engraving of the soldiers firing on the people, $5 25; Bromhall on Spectors, Cunning Delusions of the Devil, etc., folio, 1658, $9; Bunyan's Works, Preface by Whitefield, folio, 1767, $10; Pilgrim's Progress, 22d ed., plates by Sturt, 1728, $7 75 (you and your readers will well remember that "some said 'print, John,' others said 'not so'"). His Jesus as an Advocate, 1st ed., 1688, $6 50; Narrative of the Miseries of New England, 4to., 1689, $475; Gray's (Butler's) Hudibras, 1744, $4 50; Las Casas's Chronicle of the Spaniards in the West Indies, 1st ed., *black letter*, 4to., 1583, $21 50; Charlevoix's Histoire du Paraguay, 3 vols., 4to., $9; Sam. Clarke's Looking-Glass for Saints and Sinners, including his work on the American Plantations, 2 vols., fol., 1671, $9 50; Columbus Verardus, etc., including a letter of Columbus, 4to., 1474, $31 87; Cortes's Historia de Nueva Espana, Mexico, 1770, $12 75; Eden's translation of Cortes' Navigation, 4to., *black letter*, 1561, $8 75; Coryat's Crudities, 3 vols., 1776, $10; Cotton's God's Promise to his Plantation, 1630, $18 50; do. Planter's Plea, $26 87; do. Clearing Doubts concerning Predestination, 1646, $9 50; do. Bloudy Tenent, 1647, $12; do. Singing of Psalms, 1650, $7 50; Dumpier's Voyages, 4 vols., ed. 1729, $12 50; Caledonia (a satirical piece on the Scottish Colony at Darien), in verse, 4to., 1700, $13 50; Dr. John Dee's Account of what passed between him and some spirits, fol., 1659, $12; Robinson Crusoe, 1719–22, $11 25; De Foe's Moll Flanders 1722, $6 50.

The Indian Grammer begun, by John Eliot, 4to., Cambridge, 1666, $227 50. (I need not say that the sale of this lot caused some sensation, and that every one present, except the purchaser, felt a chill of disappointment, or a thrill of admiration. Nor is it hardly necessary for me to add that it was bought by Henry Stevens, Esq., who is among books a perfect Napoleon,—I don't mean Napoleon the III. The same well-known gentleman has been the fortunate purchaser also of the largest part of the American book rarities in this sale).

Sweeter.

— The next regular New York trade sale, Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., auctioneers, will commence on Tuesday morning, August 30.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 25, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

Abridgement of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856, from Gale's and Seaton's Annals of Congress, from their Register of Debates, and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the author of the "Thirty Years' View." Vol. XI. 8vo. $3. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MEDICAL.

A Treatise on Gonorrhœa and Syphilis. By Silas Durkee, M.D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society; Member of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, and of the Boston Society of Natural History; Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Honorary Member of the Medical Society of the State of New York. With 8 Colored Plates. pp. 431. $3. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

POETRY.

Poems. By Anne Whitney. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. 75 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Theologia Dogmatica, Quam Concinnavit Franciscus Patricius Kenrick, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis, secundis curis auctoris. 3 vols. 8vo. $6. In half calf, gilt backs, $9. New and Revised Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies and Japan. From the Italian of D. Bartoli and J. P. Maffei. With a Preface by the Very Rev. Dr. Faber. 16mo. pp. 653. $1. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Practical Cookery-Book; or, Housekeeping made Easy, Pleasant, and Economical in all its Departments. To which are added directions for setting out tables and giving entertainments; directions for jointing, trussing, and carving; and several hundred additional receipts. By a Practical Housekeeper. Illustrated with fifty Engravings. 12mo. pp. 319. Boston: Geo. G. Evans.

The Book of Anecdotes, and Budget of Fun. Containing a Collection of over One Thousand of the most laughable Sayings and Jokes of celebrated Wits and Humorists. 12mo. pp. 320. Boston: Geo. G. Evans.

The New American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. VI. Cough—Education. 8vo. pp. 779. $3. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. New edition, with Pictorial Illustrations and Appendix. 4to. $6,50. Springfield: G. & C. Merriam.

Our Press Gang; or, the Crimes of the American Newspaper Press. By Lambert A. Wilmer, ex-Editor, author of "The Life of Ferdinand De Soto, Discoverer of the Mississippi," "Quacks of Helicon," etc. Philadelphia: J. T. Lloyd.

Mystic Hours; or, Spiritual Experiences. By G. A. Redman, M.D. 12mo. pp. 384. $1,50. New York: Charles Partridge.

The Dangers and Defences of New York. Addressed to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, by Major J. G. Barnard, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Published by order of the Chamber of Commerce, by permission of the Secretary of War. Pamphlet, pp. 62. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Trow's New York City Directory. Compiled by H. Wilson. Vol. LXXIII. For the year ending May 1, 1860. 8vo. pp. 936. $2,50. New York: John F. Trow.

Mystic Hours. By Geo. A. Redman, M.D. 12mo. pp. 584, cloth. $1,25. New York: W. M. Pratt & Co.

Teachers, Parents, and Pupils; or, Gleanings from School-Life Experience. By Hiram Orcutt, A.M., Principal of North Granville Ladies' Seminary. Revised edition. 1 vol. 16mo. 50cts. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

REPRINTS FROM THE ENGLISH, ETC.

ART.

The Two Paths. Being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. By John Ruskin, M.A., author of "Modern Painters." With two beautiful Steel Plates and twelve Woodcuts. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: John Wiley.

HISTORICAL.

The Wars of the Roses; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. Edgar, author of "The Boyhood of Great Men," "Footprints of Famous Men," "History for Boys," etc. Illustrated. 16mo. muslin. 60cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Three Eras of Woman's Life. By Elizabeth Elton Smith. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. Boston: T. O. & H. P. Burnham.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Plutarch's Lives. The Translation called Dryden's, Corrected from the Greek, and Revised; with a new Life of Plutarch. By A. H. Clough, late Professor of the English Language and Literature, at University College, London. 5 vols. 8vo. $10. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Cœlebs the Younger in Search of a Wife; or, the Drawing-Room Troubles of Moody Robinson, Esq. Illustrated by C. A. Doyle. Square 16mo. pp. 200, cloth, 6s. London: Hogg.

Seventeen Hundred and Forty-Five. A Tale. 12mo. pp. 160, cloth, 3s. 6d. London: Nisbet.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel: A History of Father and Son. By George Meredith. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," etc. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

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